

MEET  
SILVER STREAK  
SPEED ACE

No. 3 • MARCH

10c

# SILVER STREAK COMICS

ACTION!

MYSTERY!

ADVENTURE!

NEW  
NUMBER



ACE POWERS

Smash Detective

DICKIE DEAN

Amazing Boy Inventor

BILL WAYNE

Western Terror

LANCE HALE

Planet Daredevil





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



MEET  
SILVER STREAK  
SPEED ACE

No. 3 • MARCH

10c

# SILVER STREAK COMICS

**ACTION!**  
**MYSTERY!**  
**ADVENTURE!**

**NEW  
NUMBER**



<b>ACE POWERS</b> Smash Detective	<b>DICKIE DEAN</b> Amazing Boy Inventor	<b>BILL WAYNE</b> Western Terror	<b>LANCE HALE</b> Planet Daredevil
--------------------------------------	--	-------------------------------------	---------------------------------------



Starts  
Right  
Now!

**FREE**

**\$25.00**

**PRIZE  
CONTEST**

## You Can WIN \$5.00 FIRST PRIZE

Here's what you do—

Here's the latest copy of **SILVER STREAK COMICS**. It's filled with thrilling features which have never appeared anywhere else before! Look! **SILVER STREAK** himself—**BILL WAYNE**, The Texas Terror—**ACE POWERS**, Smash Detective—**DICKIE DEAN**, Boy Inventor—**PLANET PATROL**—and **SERGEANT DRAKE**!

All these features are exciting . . . that's why they are in **SILVER STREAK COMICS**! Among these features you must have a favorite character. Perhaps it's **DICKIE DEAN** . . . maybe it's **ACE POWERS** . . . or, the exciting and mysterious **PLANET PATROL** . . . or do you prefer **LANCE HALE**? Which is your favorite feature and **WHY**?

**20 Chances to  
WIN!**

**All Prizes Are CASH!**

**FIRST PRIZE \$5.00**

**SECOND PRIZE \$2.00**

**THIRD TO**

**TWENTIETH PRIZE**

**\$1.00 Each \$18.00**

**TOTAL \$25.00**

**20 PRIZES IN ALL!**

## IT'S FUN—IT'S SIMPLE!

Write the Editor of **SILVER STREAK COMICS** who your favorite character is, and **WHY**—in a hundred words or less, and if you write the best letter, the editor will pay you at the rate of **FIVE CENTS A WORD!!!** for your letter (if you write 100 words), or **\$5.00** in cash as the **FIRST PRIZE**.

The Editor will award nineteen more prizes for the next nineteen best letters on who is the favorite character and **WHY**? The second best letter will receive **\$2.00** in cash, and the next eighteen prizes will be one dollar in cash each!

Remember the simple rules—your letter must not be more than 100 words long, and it must tell who your

favorite character is, and **WHY**! Of course, if you have more than one favorite character, you may mention them too, provided you don't write more than 100 words altogether. If there is no favorite character in the book, then tell the Editor what kind of character you would like to see in **SILVER STREAK COMICS**.

All letters, to be considered by the judges, must be postmarked not later than February 29, 1940. The judges' decision will be final, and no letters will be returned. Also, all letters will become the property of **SILVER STREAK COMICS**. So get busy right now, and write that letter.

## WIN A PRIZE — Write YOUR Letter

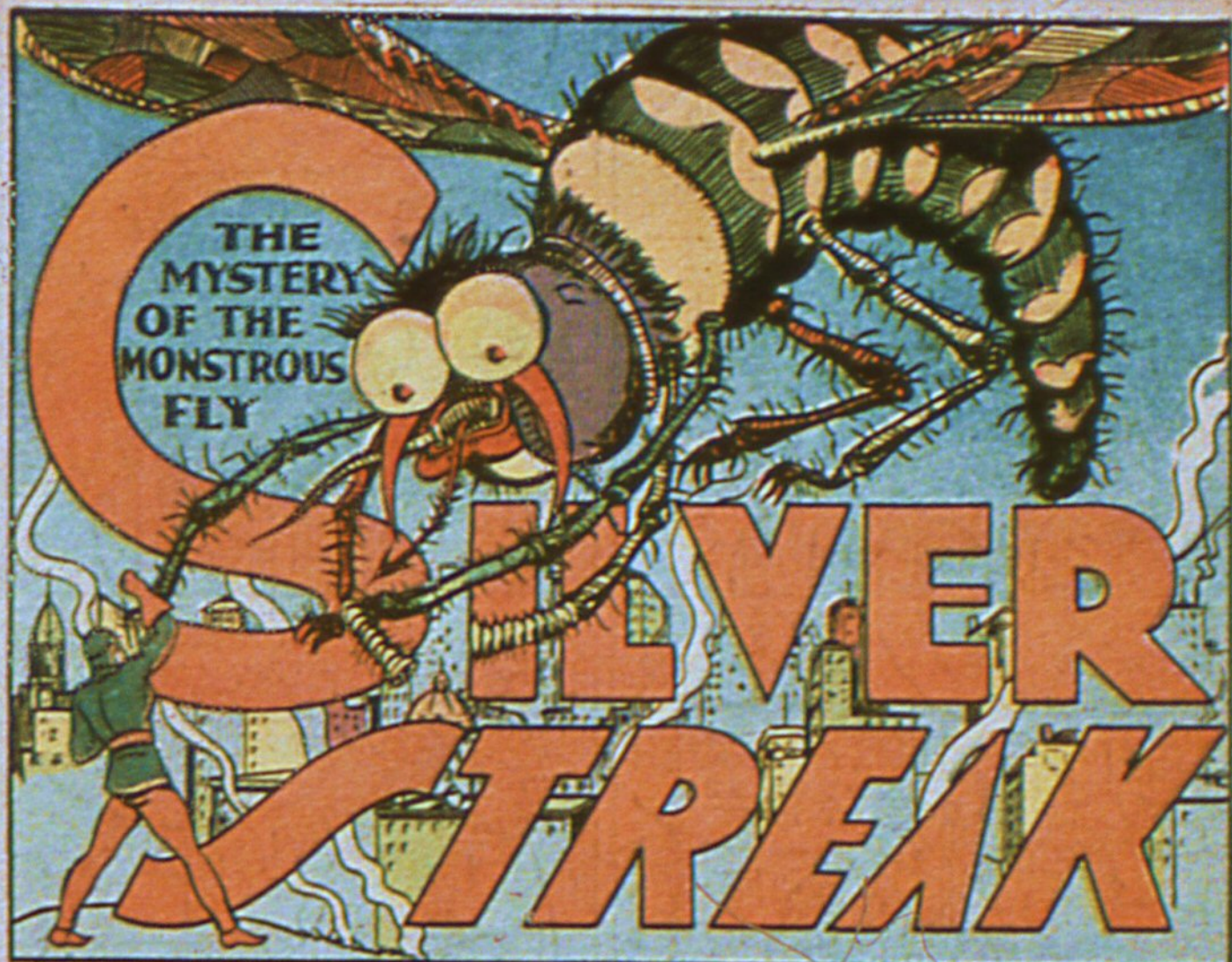
### ENTER NOW!—Here Are the Simple Rules:

- 1 Pick out your favorite character, or characters, from the cartoon strip features published in **SILVER STREAK COMICS**.
- 2 Write the name of the character, or characters, down in a letter, and then write not more than one hundred words to explain **WHY** you prefer the character, or characters, best.
- 3 Write your name, address and age on the bottom of the letter and on the envelope.
- 4 Mail it to The Editor, **SILVER STREAK COMICS**, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y., not later than February 29, 1940. That's all there is to it—and you may win the **FIRST PRIZE**! Hurry and send your letter right away!

**IT'S FUN**—writing just 100 words telling us who you like best as your favorite **SILVER STREAK COMICS** character, and **WHY**. Write your name, address and age on the bottom of your letter and also on the envelope. Then mail it **BEFORE FEBRUARY 29, 1940**, to The Editor, **SILVER STREAK COMICS**, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. Results of the Contest will be announced as soon as possible after February 29th.

*The Editor —*







MEANWHILE, IN A GREAT WORKSHOP, A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS AND MECHANICS LABOR OVER ANOTHER RACE CAR OF THE SAME DESIGN.

NO SOONER DO WE BUILD THEM THEN THE FLY DESTROYS THEM—AND NOW WE CAN GET NO ONE TO DRIVE THEM!

I'LL TRY AND SCARE UP A DRIVER.

ME DRIVE THE SILVER STREAK? NOT FOR ALL THE TEA IN CHINA!!

NOT FOR ME, BROTHER. I'D LIKE TO LIVE A WHILE, IF YOU DON'T MIND!

AND TELL THE SWAMI NOT TO TRY TO PERSUADE US WITH HIS BLACK MAGIC OR HYPNOTISM OR WHATEVER IT IS!

WE MUST GET SOMEONE — THE RACE IS BUT A DAY OFF!

IT IS NO USE, SWAMI! THEY ARE ALL FEARFUL OF THE GREAT MACHINE!

BUT TO THEIR SURPRISE, A STRANGER OPENS THE DOOR AND SAYS—

I UNDERSTAND YOU BOYS ARE LOOKING FOR A DRIVER—WELL, HERE I AM

JUST A TAXICAB, AND OF COURSE A SCOOTER WHEN I WAS A BOY, BUT WHY SO PARTICULAR? BEGGARS CANNOT BE CHOOSERS, YOU KNOW!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT HAVE YOU EVER RACED BEFORE?



THE SWAMI, KNOWING THAT HE DOES NOT NEED AN EXPERIENCED DRIVER, DECIDES TO WORK HIS GREAT HYPNOTIC POWERS ON THE NEWCOMER AND CREATE THE MAN HE WANTS...



SIT HERE, MY BOY. LOOK AT ME YOU ARE A GREAT AND FEARLESS DRIVER!



NOW YOU MUST RELAX, AND REPORT TO ME JUST BEFORE THE RACE

THE NEWCOMER IS COMPLETELY UNDER THE SWAMI'S INFLUENCE

YOU ARE THE SILVER STREAK—THE STRONGEST, BRAVEST, FASTEST MAN IN THE WORLD. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? THE SWAMI SPEAKS!!!



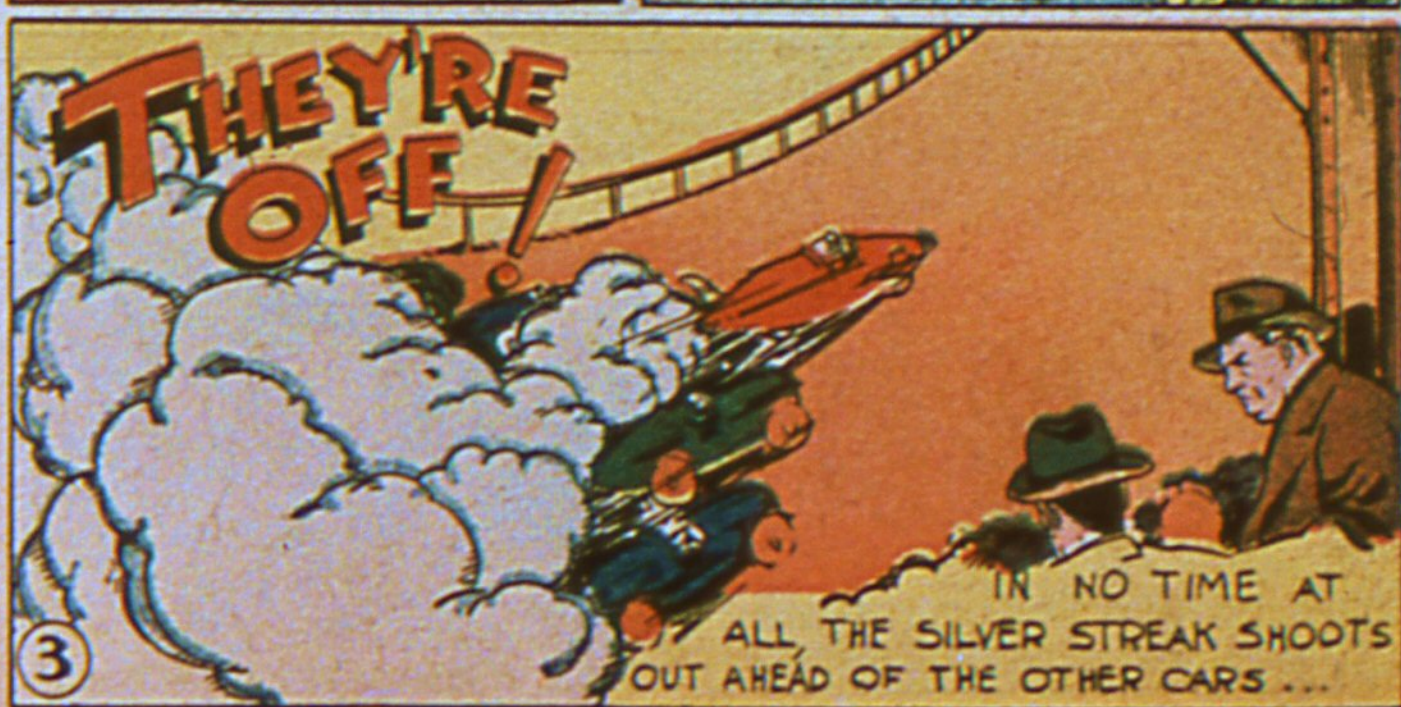
LOOK! THE SILVER STREAK IS ENTERED AGAIN! WHO'S THE SUCKER DRIVING?

NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE, BUT I DOUBT IF WE'LL SEE HIM

AGAIN POOR FOOL!



THE NEXT DAY THE CROWD IS AMAZED TO FIND THE SILVER STREAK ENTERED IN THE RACE



**THEY'RE OFF!**

IN NO TIME AT ALL, THE SILVER STREAK SHOOTS OUT AHEAD OF THE OTHER CARS...



THE RACE IS ALMOST OVER.. IT'S A CINCH FOR THE STREAK!

YES, IT LOOKS LIKE NOTHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN THIS TIME!

THE CROWD CHEERS THE SILVER STREAK, LITTLE KNOWING THAT IN THE NEXT MOMENTS ---



THE SKY WOULD BE DARKENED BY A MONSTROUS WINGED CREATURE



THE STANDS ARE HORRIFIED AS IT SWOOPS DOWN UPON THE SUPER RACER

4



WITH A SWEEP OF ITS MIGHTY TENTACLE, IT HURLS THE SPEEDING RACER FROM THE TRACK...



THE GREAT MACHINE CRASHES,  
HURLING THE DRIVER HIGH INTO THE AIR...



IT'S UNBELIEVABLE.  
THERE IS NO SUCH  
CREATURE!

THE DRIVER  
IS SURELY  
DEAD!



HE'S A GONER!  
BETTER CALL  
THE CORONER.



WE CANNOT TRACE  
HIS IDENTITY.

THE BODY HASN'T  
BEEN CLAIMED..  
WE'LL TURN HIM  
OVER TO THE CITY  
FOR BURIAL..



LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..



5

AND SO THE BODY OF THE DRIVER  
IS LOWERED INTO A SIMPLE GRAVE.



BUT THAT VERY NIGHT, FIGURES ARE  
SILHOUETTED AGAINST A PALE MOON..  
THEY ARE DIGGING UP THE GRAVE..



THEY CARRY THE CASKET TO A SHADOWY SPOT AND PROCEED TO TAKE OFF THE COVER.



HIS DEATH, THE SWAMI BELIEVES, IS MERELY A HYPNOTIC TRANCE. BUT WHAT HIS MENTAL CONDITION WILL BE, ONLY ALLAH KNOWS!!



HE IS COMING TO... GIVE HIM MORE MAGIC, OH SWAMI!!

SLOWLY THE EYELIDS BEGIN TO FLUTTER... COLOR COMES TO THE FACE... THE FIGURES WORK EVER HARDER TO RESTORE LIFE TO THE GHOSTLY FIGURE



THE BODY, SHUDDERING AS SUDDEN LIFE POURS INTO ITS VEINS, LEAPS TO ACTION-



WITH ONE GESTURE THE TWO MEN ARE HURLED AWAY FROM HIM AS THOUGH THEY WERE FEATHERS.

IT IS AS I FEARED, THE HYPNOSIS HAS BECOME PART OF HIS MIND... HE IS NOW ALL-POWERFUL, A MAN TO BE FEARED!

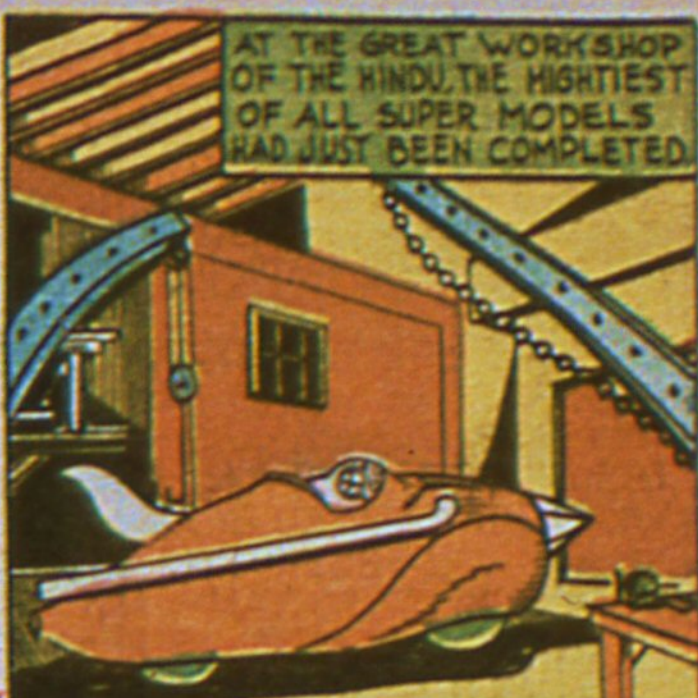






WHAT A  
NARROW  
ESCAPE  
FOR ME!

HIS MIND REVIEWS THE EVENTS OF THE PAST, HIS HYPNOTISM—HIS NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE FLY AND THE SILVER STREAK VOWS HIS REVENGE...



AT THE GREAT WORKSHOP  
OF THE HINDU, THE HIGHTIEST  
OF ALL SUPER MODELS  
HAD JUST BEEN COMPLETED.



THE MEN  
CLOSE UP  
THE SHOP—  
A FIGURE  
STEALS IN  
TO THE AUTO-  
MOBILE  
WORKS—

THESE BOMBS  
SHOULD DO  
THE TRICK!



IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, A ROAR IS  
HEARD AS THE RACER TEARS OUT OF THE  
BUILDING, TOPPLING OVER THE GUARDS  
ON ITS WAY.



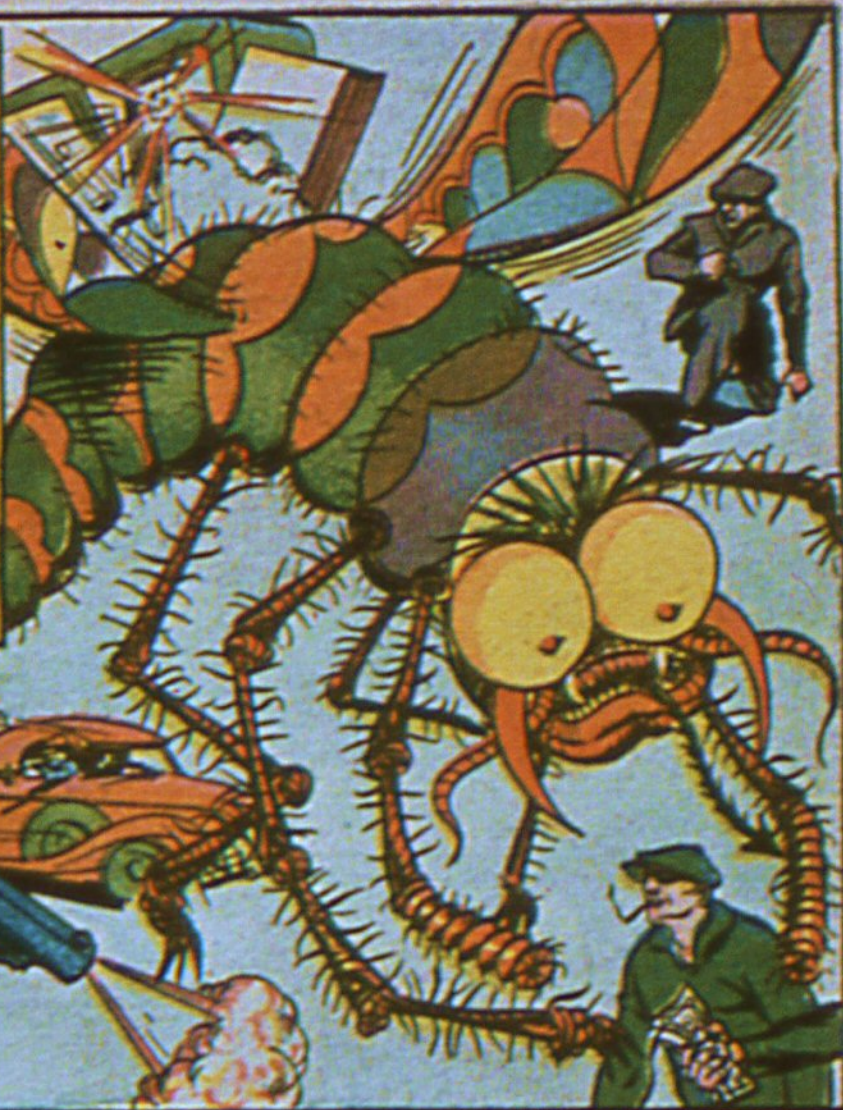
BEFORE AN ALARM CAN BE SOUNDED,  
THE BUILDING EXPLODES WITH A  
TERRIFIC BLAST, DESTROYING THE  
MACHINERY AND PLANS...



I MUST FIND A PLACE TO  
SECRET THE CAR... IT  
WILL AID ME IN MY  
CRUSADE AGAINST  
THE FLY.



MEANWHILE —  
IN THE WAKE OF THE HAVOC  
CREATED BY THE FLY AT THE  
RACETRACK, A SERIES OF  
TERRIBLE CRIMES BREAKS OUT  
IN MANY CITIES-- THE POLICE  
ARE BAFFLED AND WITHOUT  
A CLUE--  
ONLY THE SILVER STREAK  
CAN SAVE THE WORLD FROM  
THIS HORRIBLE DEMON---  
THIS GIANT OF THE AIR  
WHO WAS CREATED BY AN  
INSANE PROFESSOR OF  
ZOOLOGY, DR. KATAN--



NO ONE KNOWS  
WHAT THE FLY  
WILL DO NEXT  
BUT THE NEXT  
DAY, IN THE  
OFFICE OF THE  
MAYOR...

THIS HAS GONE BEYOND  
THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

THE FLY HAS HAD  
THE AUDACITY  
TO SEND  
THIS NOTE!

I FEAR  
WE MUST  
COMPLY WITH  
HIS DEMANDS



Mr. Mayor:  
If you wish to  
save your city  
from destruction,  
I must have  
20 million  
dollars... Leave  
it at ~ ~ ~  
Signed  
The Fly

AND SO -- AN  
ARMORED CAR IS  
SENT TO THE  
DESIGNATED SPOT  
IN THE WILDERNESS  
TO DELIVER  
THE MONEY.....



THE GUARDS HUDDLE  
IN FEAR AS THE  
MONSTER SWOOPS  
DOWN FOR THE  
LOOT.



BACK IN THE CITY, A DEAFENING ROAR  
IS HEARD AS A POWERFUL MOTOR RACES  
TOWARD THE COUNTRYSIDE...  
THE SILVER STREAK HAS LEARNED  
OF THE FLY'S PLANS--

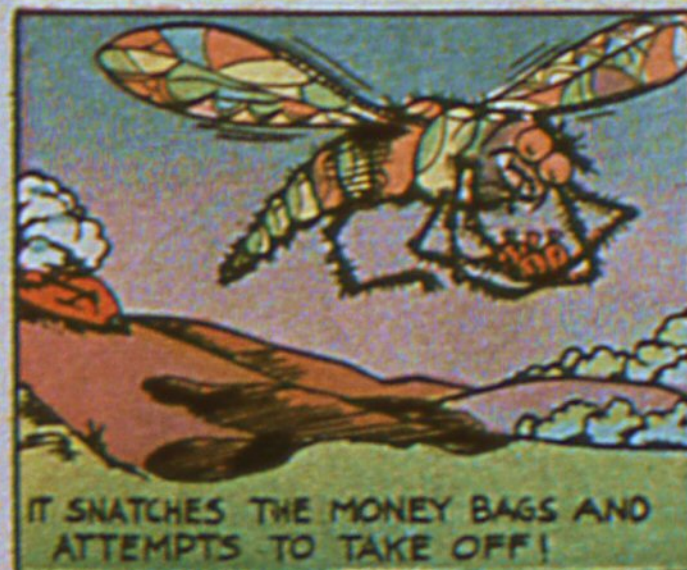




SILVER STREAK RACES THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS TO THE AMAZEMENT OF ALL... TRAFFIC QUICKLY PULLS TO ONE SIDE TO MAKE ROOM FOR THIS POWERFUL RACER...



BUT THE FLY, TOO, HEARS THE MOTORS AS THE SUPER RACER BEARS DOWN UPON THE RENDEZVOUS



IT SNATCHES THE MONEY BAGS AND ATTEMPTS TO TAKE OFF!



BUT WITH A POWERFUL LEAD, THE STREAK SHOOT'S UPWARD



THE MONSTER SCREAMS WITH PAIN AS ITS LEGS ARE TWISTED.



POWERFUL ARMS CLING TO THE HAIRY LIMBS...



ARE WE SEEING THINGS? WHAT KIND OF CRAZY WORLD IS THIS GETTING TO BE ANYWAYS?

I SEE IT BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

THE BATTLERS ARE LOST TO THE SIGHT OF THE TWO ASTONISHED GUARDS.....

THE FLY, UNABLE TO RID HIMSELF OF THE STREAK, SOARS TO A NEIGHBORING MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY

IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO LIBERATE HIMSELF, THE MONSTER ATTEMPTS TO DASH HIS TORMENTOR TO DEATH AGAINST THE SHARP MOUNTAIN CRAGS....

BUT THE STREAK GETS A FIRM FOOTHOLD ON THE GROUND, AND WITH A POWERFUL HEAVE, HURLS THE FLY INTO SPACE.....

I HAVE WAITED LONG FOR THIS DAY, BUT THIS MONEY MUST BE RETURNED AND I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO DO IT WITHOUT BEING SEEN..

LATER, IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE

LOOK! THE RANSOM IS BEING RETURNED!

IN THE RENDEZVOUS OF DR. KATAN, WHO HAS PERFECTED THE FORMULA WHICH CAN DEVELOP SMALL INSECTS TO THE HUGE PROPORTIONS OF THE FLY, A GROUP OF GANGSTERS PLOT REVENGE...

BUT THE FIENDISH DR. KATAN IS ALREADY AT WORK IN HIS LABORATORY DEVELOPING ANOTHER SUPER INSECT--

SILVER STREAK, EH? HE MUST BE DESTROYED! HE IS RUINING OUR PLANS

JUS' WAIT! DOC'S GIVING THE NEEDLE TO SOME MORE INSECTS. WE'LL FIX 'IM.

WATCH FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES OF SILVER STREAK!



# Do You Know That -

Lack of  
ICE-BOXES  
caused the  
Discovery  
of America?



Here is  
the  
proof



In 1543 the Turks captured Constantinople, severing the line of communication between Europe and Asia.



The Turks levied such high imposts upon all goods passing over the caravan routes - especially spices - the prices became prohibitive.



As ice-boxes had not yet been invented, spices were used - not only to prepare - but to preserve meat. A crisis developed in Europe.







Unable to subdue the Turks in war, certain men in Europe schemed to reach India by various new routes. One of these men was Christopher Columbus. Believing the Earth was round, he planned to reach India by sailing westward.

After many misfortunes and disappointments, Columbus succeeded in getting support from the King and Queen of Spain. On August 3, 1492, he set sail, landing on October 12 on a small island in the West Indies. To the day he died Columbus did not know he had discovered a New World.



Columbus returned to Spain in triumph. For several years he ruled the new provinces as Governor, but he was so cruel that he was taken back to Spain in chains. He died of a broken heart.



## NEXT ISSUE

**DID YOU KNOW THAT:**  
Love of Dancing prevented England from winning the American Revolutionary War? See next Issue!



# Bill WAYNE

## The Texas

### TERROR

**W**HEREVER RANGER BILL WAYNE TRAVELS, THE STAMP OF LAW AND ORDER LEAVES ITS MARK. ROVING FROM TOWN TO TOWN, THE TWO GUN TOTING RANGER STRIKES FEAR INTO THE MOST RUTHLESS OUTLAWS. HIS QUICK TRIGGER FEATS BRAND HIM AS THE TEXAS TERROR.

AT THE HARM'S RANCH, A SHORT DISTANCE FROM MESA BLUFF, PETE WEBB AND HIS BAND OF GUNMEN PREY ON A HAPLESS RANCHER.



YOU PLUGGED HIM IN THE SHOULDER, PETE.

HE SHOULD PAID LIKE THE REST OF THEM RANCHERS. LET'S GO MEN!



THEIR DIRTY WORK DONE, THE OUTLAWS RIDE AWAY.



BILL WAYNE, THE TEXAS TERROR, IS ATTRACTED BY CLOUDS OF SMOKE IN THE DISTANCE

SMOKE! IT'S COMING FROM THE RANCH HOUSE!



THE RANGER HASTENS TO THE FIRE.



WHAT'S WRONG, MA'M?

MY BOY- HE'S IN THERE! SAVE HIM, PLEASE!



WITHOUT HESITATION, THE TEXAS TERROR RUSHES INTO THE BURNING BUILDING.



IN THE MIDST OF A ROARING INFERNO, THE RANGER FINDS THE CHILD COVERING IN A CORNER.

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, SON!



THE BURNING FRAMEWORK CRASHES, BLOCKING THE DOORWAY.

CAN'T MAKE IT THROUGH THE DOOR!



WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN A MINUTE!



SMASHING THE WINDOW



THE RANGER CARRIES  
THE CHILD TO SAFETY.



I'M BILL WAYNE, TEXAS  
RANGER. WHAT'S WRONG  
HERE?

IT'S PETE WEBB'S WORK.  
SINCE HE BOUGHT MARTIN'S  
CIRCLE R, WE RANCHERS  
HAVE TO PAY HIM A HIGH  
TOLL TO USE THE TRAIL.



IT LEADS TO THE STOCKYARDS  
AND PASSES THROUGH WEBB'S  
LAND. HE AND HIS GUNMEN  
HANGOUT IN THE SALOON!

GUESS I'LL  
RIDE OUT  
THERE AND  
SEE WEBB!



GOOD LUCK,  
RANGER!



THE SKUNK OUGHT  
TO BE IN HERE!



I'M LOOKING FOR  
PETE WEBB!

PETE AIN'T  
BEEN HERE  
ALL DAY.



TWO OF WEBB'S GUNMEN RECOGNIZE BILL WAYNE.

IT'S THE  
TEXAS TERROR!

HIS BACK'S TURNED—  
WE CAN PLUG HIM!



IN THE MIRROR,  
THE RANGER SEES  
THE OUTLAWS  
DRAWING THEIR  
GUNS.

LOOKS LIKE  
TROUBLE!





IN A SPLIT SECOND, THE TEXAS TERROR WHIRLS AROUND AND HIS GUNS BARK TWICE. THE OUTLAWS SHOTS GO WILD AS THEY SLUMP TO THE FLOOR.



THAT'S FOR TRYING TO SHOOT A MAN IN THE BACK!

DON'T ANYBODY ELSE TRY THAT—THESE FINGERS ARE ITCHING!



FASTER PAL—WE GOT BUSINESS AT THE CIRCLE R. WITH WEBB!



WEBB AIN'T HERE, AND WE DON'T ALLOW STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE. NOW GIT!

OKAY—I'LL LEAVE!

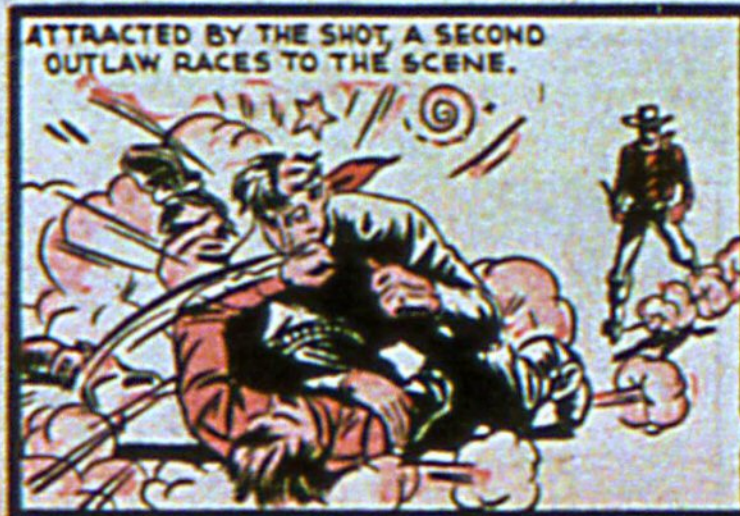


BILL WHIRLS THE ANIMAL AROUND PRETENDING TO LEAVE, BUT SUDDENLY LEAPS ON THE GUARD.

I DECIDED TO STAY!



ATTRACTED BY THE SHOT, A SECOND OUTLAW RACES TO THE SCENE.

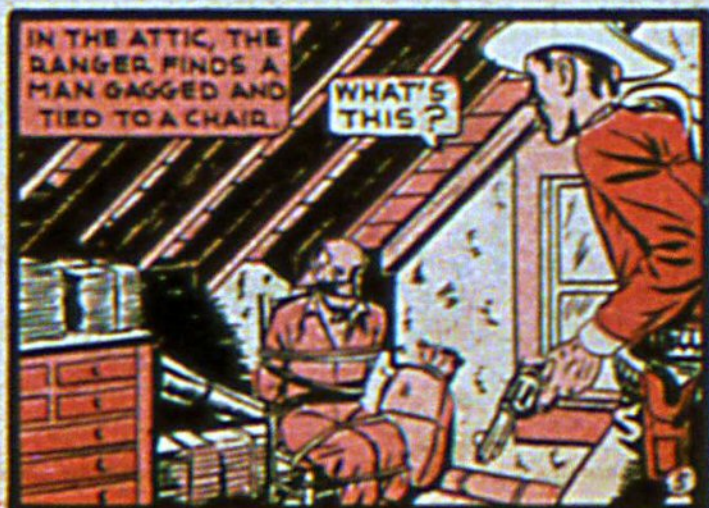


LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE ON TIME—WHO'S THE HOMBRE?

HE'S LOOKING FOR WEBB.









I'M BILL WAYNE,  
TEXAS RANGER.  
WHO ARE YOU?

I'M MARTIN—OWNER OF  
THE CIRCLE R. WEBB'S  
BEEN TRYING TO GET  
ME TO SIGN THE RANCH  
DEED OVER TO HIM.

THEY MADE ME SIGN ONE  
YESTERDAY. AS SOON AS  
IT'S RECORDED THEY'RE  
GOING TO FINISH ME OFF.

DON'T WORRY—I'LL  
TAKE CARE OF THEM  
HOMBRES.

HERE THEY  
COME!

MEANWHILE WEBB AND HIS MEN RETURN.

DID YOU GET  
IT RECORDED,  
HANK?

THEY WOULDN'T TAKE IT.  
WEBB SAID THE SIGNATURE  
AIN'T THE SAME AS THE  
ONE ON THE OLD DEED!

SO,— MARTIN'S TRYIN' TO  
PUT ONE OVER ON ME/ DIS-  
GUISED HIS WRITING. HEAT  
THE IRONS— WE'LL MAKE  
HIM SIGN RIGHT!

IT'S THE  
TEXAS  
TERROR!

AT HIM, MEN—  
FINISH HIM OFF!

AS WEBB LEADS  
HIS MEN TO THE  
ATTIC, THE RAN-  
GER BLOCKS  
THEIR PATH—

THE TEXAS TERROR HURLS  
HIMSELF AT THE OUTLAWS.

DOWN YOU GO!

HOW'S THIS  
BOYS?

THE RANGER'S FISTS FLY.





BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK AS...



...THE TEXAS TERROR SENDS HIS SIX SHOOTERS INTO ACTION.



AS THE RANGER TALKS TO MARTIN...



...WEBB DRAWS A KNIFE FROM A SHEATH IN BACK OF HIS NECK.



HIS KEEN EYES NOTICED WEBB'S STRANGE ACTION. IN A SPLIT SECOND, THE TEXAS TERROR MOVES HIS HEAD AND AVOIDS THE KNIFE, AS HE SENDS A BULLET INTO THE OUTLAW.



LATER-AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE



AND SO THE TEXAS TERROR RIDES OFF TO ANOTHER ADVENTURE. FOLLOW THE ROVING TWO GUN TOTING TEXAS RANGER AS HE SHOOTS HIS WAY THROUGH ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **SILVER STREAK COMICS.**



# "SCHOOL DAZE"





# LANCE HALE

By  
JOHN  
THOMPSON



IN PLANNING HIS SPACE-SHIP DR GRANTLAND GREY, MADE A MISCALCULATION--LANCE HALE AND HE DISCOVER THAT THEIR VESSEL TRAVELS FASTER THAN LIGHT--EXCEEDING EVEN THE RATE OF TIME, WHICH DR EINSTEIN SAYS IS THE FOURTH DIMENSION AS THE TWO TRAVELLERS HEAD TOWARD AN UNKNOWN WORLD. THE CONTROLS FAIL AND. ...



SOON THE MIGHTY SHIP CRASHES INTO A STRANGE OBSTACLE?



WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT WENT WRONG PROFESSOR? WHERE ARE WE?



IT'S A NEW WORLD--SOMEWHERE IN SPIRIT-LAND!

LOOK THERE! TROUBLE'S COMING!



THE TWO ADVENTURERS ARE ATTACKED BY THE INHABITANTS OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD INTO WHICH THEY HAVE CRASHED. AFTER A FEROCIOUS BATTLE THE TWO HUMANS ARE OVERPOWERED AND...



--ARE LED AWAY INTO THE GREAT PALACE TO FACE THE MONARCH OF THE SPIRITMEN-- KING LOTI.



SPIRITMEN ARE A RACE OF BEINGS, HAVING NO SOULS OR BODIES, JUST BELOW MANKIND IN THE CYCLE OF EVOLUTION. FOR THIS REASON THEY ARE JEALOUS OF HUMAN BEINGS, ENVYING THEM THEIR KINGDOM OF THE EARTH--LONGING TO SUPPLANT THEM.

THE PRISONERS ARE THREATENED BY THEIR CAPTORS.

BY GEORGE, THESE FELLOWS ACT UGLY!

WE'LL BE KILLED UNLESS SOMEONE RESCUES US!



HOLD, KNAVES! WOULD YOU KILL THE PRISONERS? I HAVE USE FOR THEM!



IN THE NICK OF TIME KING LOTI RESCUES THE CAPTIVES

HUMAN DOGS! YOU ARE IN MY POWER!



DOG, AM I? I'LL TEACH YOU--- TAKE THAT!



ENRAGED AT THE INSULT LANCE BREAKS HIS BONDS BY USING THE POWER OF HIS ARMBAND



OTHER SPIRIT MEN AID THEIR MONARCH AND LANCE HALE IS ONCE MORE SECURED.



**K**ING LOTI THEN REVEALS TO LANCE HALE AND DR. GREY THAT ALTHOUGH HE AND HIS RACE ARE SPIRITMEN, HE HAS FOUND A WAY — BY MEANS OF A CRYSTAL BALL OF MAKING REAL PEOPLE FROM THE SPIRITMEN — HE INTENDS TO SEND THEM TO THE EARTH TO CONQUER HUMANITY AND ENSLAVE THE WORLD!



WHEN I'VE CONQUERED THE EARTH I MEAN TO MAKE YOUR DAUGHTER MY QUEEN! YOU HAVE A DAUGHTER DR. GREY?

YOU FIEND!  
YOU LEAVE MY  
DAUGHTER  
ALONE



YOU'LL  
NEVER GET  
MY DAUGHTER



FURIOUSLY DR. GREY ATTACKS KING LOTI WHO DROPS THE BALL

WITHOUT THE CRYSTAL BALL, KING LOTI IS SUDDENLY TRANSFORMED AND THE EVIL MONARCH IS SHOWN AS HE TRULY IS--



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS TAKE THEM BOTH DOWN INTO THE DUNGEONS OF THE CASTLE AND CHAIN THEM UP!





CONFINED IN DARK CELLS, FAR BELOW THE SURFACE, LANCE HALE AND DR GREY ARE LEFT TO LANGUISH IN CHAINS.



KING LOTI, TRANSFORMED AND IN-VISIBLE TO HUMAN SIGHT, STEALS AFTER THE PRISONERS TO GLOAT.

THERE'S KING LOTI. WHAT'S HE DOING DOWN HERE ---  
WHERE IS HE? I DON'T SEE HIM. SPYING?



FOR SOME REASON I CAN SEE YOU AND DR GREY CAN'T—  
WHAT DO YOU WANT, LOTI?

TO TELL YOU THAT IN THIRTY MINUTES I AM GOING TO TRANSFORM MY SPIRITMEN AND START TO CONQUER THE EARTH!



LANCE HALE REVEALS TO DR GREY WHAT KING LOTI HAS VOWED TO DO.

WE MUST ESCAPE! BUT HOW? THESE CHAINS ARE TOO HEAVY FOR EVEN YOUR MIGHTY MUSCLES TO SNAR?



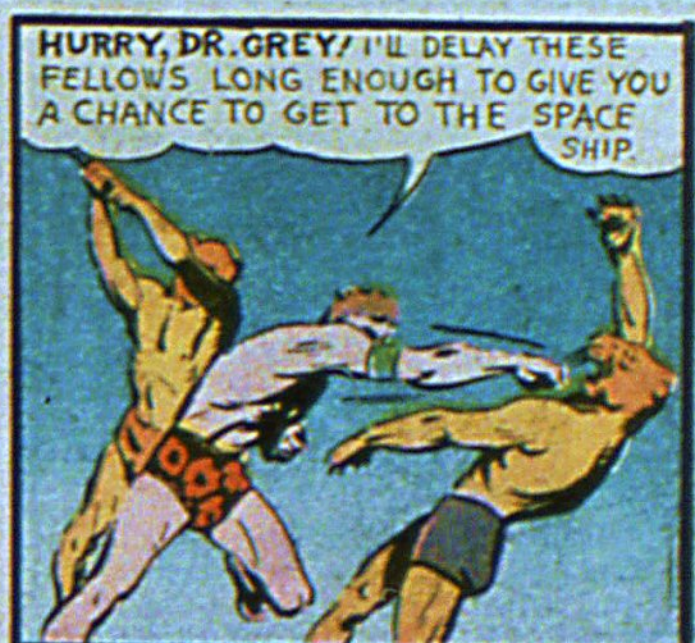
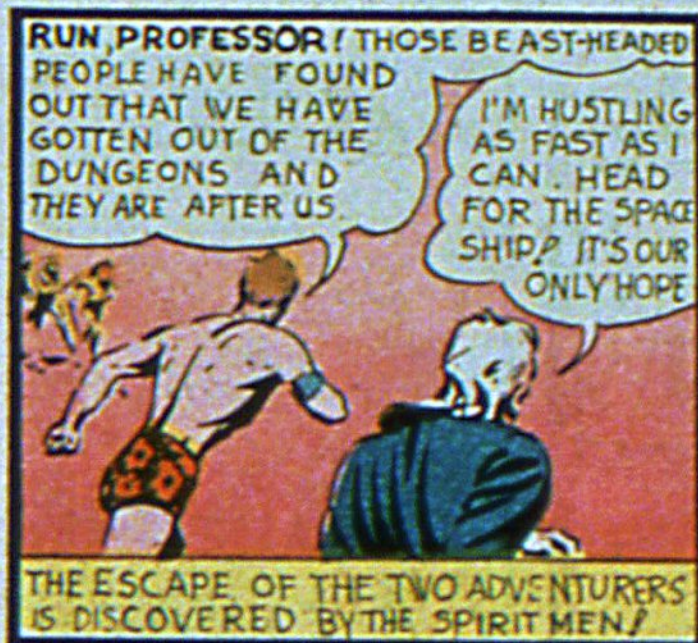
LANCE HALE HAS A BRILLIANT INSPIRATION-- SINCE THE CHAINS ARE CREATIONS OF LOTI'S BRAIN, HE WILL USE HIS OWN WILL POWER TO BREAK HIS BONDS!



A GREAT LIGHT RADIATES FROM LANCE'S BODY AS BY AN EXERTION OF FORCE HE DEMATERIALIZES THE CHAINS.









QUICK, PROF! LET'S GET GOING! HERE THEY COME-- SPIRIT MEN-- A WHOLE SWARM OF THEM! DON'T TAKE TOO LONG REPAIRING THAT MACHINERY OR WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET AWAY!

STOP THEM LANCE! IT TAKES TIME TO FIX A BROKEN ENGINE AND I'M HUSTLING AS FAST AS I CAN



QUICK, DOGS! WHY ARE YOU WASTING SO MUCH TIME IN MAKING THESE MORTALS PRISONERS? COME OVER CAPTURE THEM RIGHT AWAY HERE, LOTI, AND OR I'LL MAKE YOU RUE THIS DAY.

I'LL GIVE YOU SOME OF WHAT I'M GIVING THESE FELLOWS.



DEATH TAKE THEE! YOU HAVE GOTTEN AWAY-- LATER I SHALL HAVE MY REVENGE.

SO LONG, LOTI! WE'RE GOING TOWARD THE EARTH AND SAVE MYRA GREY FROM YOUR CLUTCHES!



AS LOTI PREPARES TO ATTACK -- DR GREY STARTS THE MOTORS AND LANCE LEAPS INTO THE SHIP--

KING LOTI DECIDES TO PUSH THROUGH HIS INVASION WITHOUT DELAY.

I MUST MAKE HASTE AND TRANSPLACE MY ARMY TO THE EARTH, BEFORE THE SPACE SHIP CAN MAKE THE TRIP!



I WILL TRY TO LAND AT MY HOME IN CAPE TOWN WHERE MY DAUGHTER IS. FROM THERE WE CAN TELEPHONE THE FORT.

MAKE IT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, PROF! EVERY SECOND COUNTS AND KING LOTI IS LIKELY TO ATTACK AT ANY MOMENT.



BY LUCK, DR GREY SUCCEEDS IN LANDING THE CRIPPLED SPACE SHIP IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, NOT FAR FROM THE PLACE WHERE HE HAS HIS HOME.



HERE WE ARE! GOSH WHAT A TRIP... LEAD THE WAY TO YOUR HOME, PROF! FIRST WE MUST WARN MYRA-- THEN WE CAN PHONE THE FORT.

YES-- WE MUST GIVE THE ALARM.





THE TWO ADVENTURERS APPROACH THE COUNTRY HOME.

THERE'S MY HOME! LET'S HOPE THAT MYRA IS IN HER ROOM. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE OF SAVING HER FROM A HIDEOUS FATE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOW ME WHERE TO FIND HER. PROF I'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR HOUSE BEFORE



TO THEIR DISMAY THE TWO MEN FIND THE DOOR LOCKED AND BOLTED FROM WITHIN—

THE DOOR IS LOCKED AND I HAVEN'T GOT A KEY WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO

IT'S PRETTY TOUGH BUT I THINK I CAN MANAGE TO BREAK IT IN!



THAT DOES IT? COME ON, PROF! NOW FOR MYRA!

I DON'T KNOW OF ANOTHER LIVING MAN WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO BREAK IN THAT BIG DOOR



AFTER AN EXCITING RACE THROUGH THE HOUSE THE TWO MEN REACH MYRA'S ROOM. DR GREY'S DAUGHTER

DAUGHTER THE SPIRIT-MEN ARE ABOUT TO INVADE THE EARTH AND ENSLAVE MANKIND! YOU ARE IN GREAT DANGER!

WE HAVE COME TO RESCUE YOU



THE SPIRIT MEN! HERE THEY COME! GET READY FOR A FIGHT!

RUN DAUGHTER! SAVE YOURSELF! WE'LL HOLD THEM BACK UNTIL YOU CAN REACH FREEDOM

NEVER, FATHER. I'LL STAY HERE WITH YOU AND DIE BY YOUR SIDE





KEEP ON FIGHTING PROFESSOR. NEVER SAY DIE. WE'LL BEAT THESE FELLOWS YET!

I'M COMMENCING TO TIRE, BUT I'LL RESIST THESE FIENDS JUST AS LONG AS I HAVE A DROP OF BLOOD IN MY VEINS OR LIFE IN MY BODY!



THE STRUGGLE IS A TERRIFIC ONE, AND DESPITE LANCE HALE'S SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH IT APPEARS THAT THERE IS DANGER HE WILL BE OVERPOWERED.

DR. GREY HAS AN INSPIRATION. HE DECIDES TO DEMATERIALIZER KING LOTI AND HIS FEROCIOUS SPIRIT-MEN!

QUICK, DAUGHTER-- THAT SILVER, POLISHED BOWL UPON YOUR DRESSING TABLE. HAND IT TO ME. I WILL TRY TO TRANSFORM THESE FIENDS!

HERE IT IS FATHER!



WHILE LANCE HALE CONTINUES TO FIGHT AGAINST HOPELESS ODDS, THE SCIENTIST AND HIS DAUGHTER MAKE THEIR EXPERIMENT-- STRIVING TO WILL THE SPIRIT MEN BACK INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD!

USE YOUR WILL DAUGHTER. WE MUST TRANSFORM THEM!

OH, IF WE CAN ONLY DO THIS IT WILL SAVE LANCE HALE'S LIFE. I'D DIE BEFORE I CONSENTED TO BECOME KING LOTI'S QUEEN.



WHAT HAPPENED? THE SPIRIT-MEN ARE FADING AWAY AND KING LOTI IS DISAPPEARING?

IT WORKED JUST IN TIME. WE HAVE SAVED OUR LIVES!

THANK HEAVENS THEY'RE GOING!



WHAT A STRUGGLE! YOU AND MYRA TURNED THE TRICK JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME, PROF. THEY WERE GETTING A BIT TOO MUCH FOR ME!

LUCKY I HAPPENED TO THINK OF TRANSFORMING THEM BY MEANS OF MYRA'S SILVER BOWL. FOR A MINUTE I ALMOST GAVE UP HOPE.

WHAT'S THAT NOISE? SOMEONE IS RUNNING THROUGH THE HALL!



QUICK! THE EARTH IS BEING INVADDED BY HORDES OF BEAST-LIKE MEN. WE NEED YOU ALL THERE'S NOT A MINUTE TO LOSE!

KING LOTI HAS KEPT HIS WORD. HE HAS STARTED HIS CAMPAIGN TO BECOME KING OF THE EARTHLY REALM. WE MUST AID OUR FELLOW HUMANS.

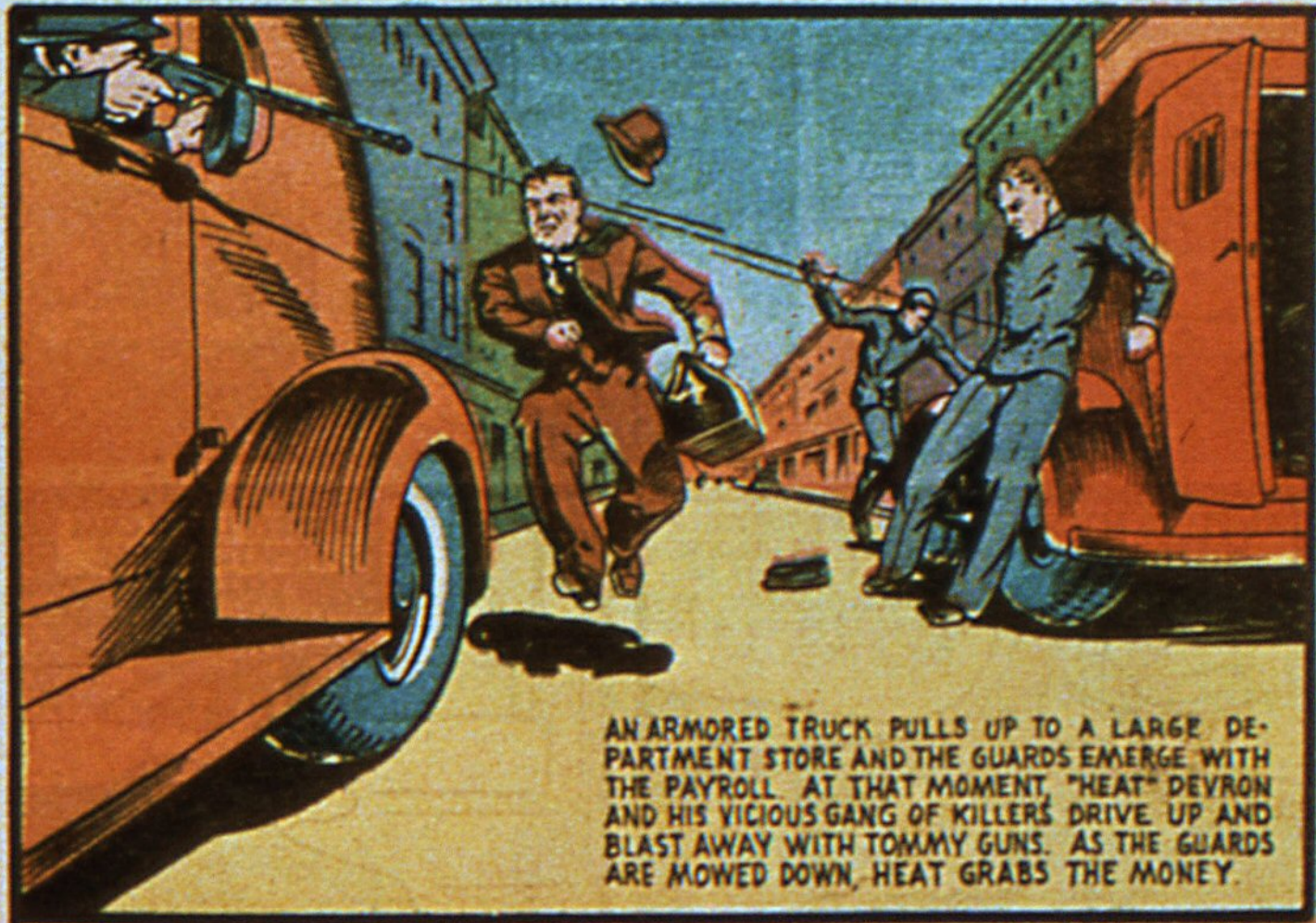


AND SO THE THREATENED INVASION BY KING LOTI BEGINS. CAN LANCE HALE STOP THEM? CAN DR. GREY INVENT SOMETHING TO LIBERATE HUMANITY FROM THIS TERRIBLE THREAT? READ **SILVER STREAK** NEXT MONTH AND GET THE EXCITING CONTINUATION OF THIS STORY.





ACE POWERS, HEAD MAN IN THE CITY DETECTIVE BUREAU, RUNS UP AGAINST "HEAT" DEVRON, RUTHLESS KILLER AND GANG LEADER, AND FINDS HIMSELF IN A HOT SPOT



AN ARMORED TRUCK PULLS UP TO A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE AND THE GUARDS EMERGE WITH THE PAYROLL. AT THAT MOMENT, "HEAT" DEVRON AND HIS VICIOUS GANG OF KILLERS DRIVE UP AND BLAST AWAY WITH TOMMY GUNS. AS THE GUARDS ARE MOWED DOWN, HEAT GRABS THE MONEY.



IT ALL HAPPENS SO SWIFTLY, THE  
GANGSTERS EASILY MAKE  
THEIR ESCAPE

WE'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE FOR A  
GETAWAY IF WE SEPARATE. WE'LL  
MEET LATER AT THE COUNTRY HIDEOUT.

OKAY.  
HEAT.

I'LL STICK  
WITH YOU,  
CHIEF.

AFRAID I'LL LAM  
WITH THE DOUGH,  
EH? OKAY—COME  
ALONG, RED.

WE'LL STOP OFF  
HERE AN' CHANGE  
OUR CLOTHES.

YEAH — AN'  
MAYBE DISGUISE  
OURSELVES.

THEY GO TO HEAT'S CITY HANGOUT.

WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL IF  
JUST YOU AN' ME DIVVY UP  
THE DOUGH?

IT WOULD BE STILL  
BETTER IF —

—I JUST KEEP IT  
ALL MYSELF.

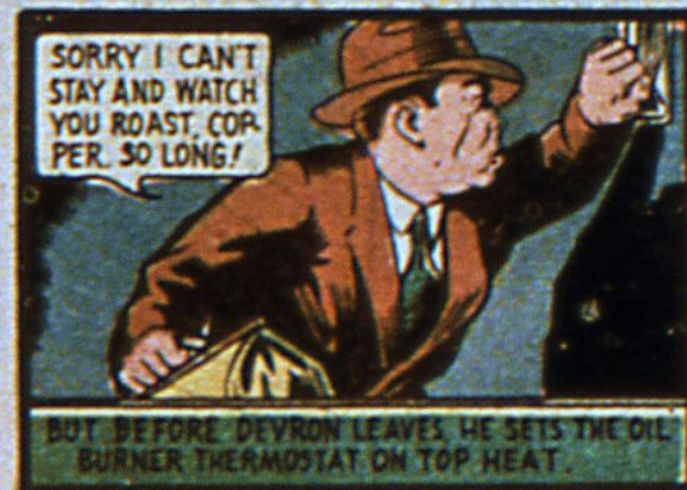
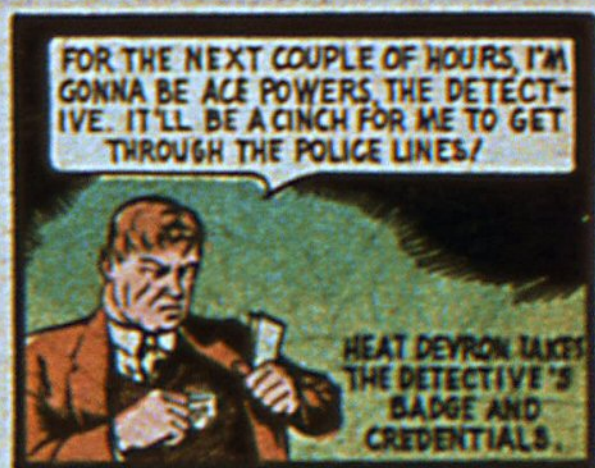
NO — DON'T—

A SHOT! I'D BETTER  
INVESTIGATE.

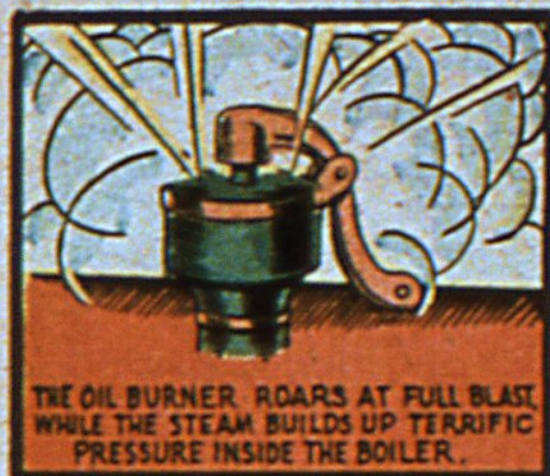
ACE POWERS, TOP NOTCH  
DETECTIVE, IS HEADING  
FOR THE SCENE OF THE  
PAYROLL ROBBERY. AS  
HE PASSES HEAT'S HANG-  
OUT, HE HEARS A SHOT.

SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME  
FROM THIS HOUSE.









THE OIL BURNER ROARS AT FULL BLAST, WHILE THE STEAM BUILDS UP TERRIFIC PRESSURE INSIDE THE BOILER.

FINALLY THE RADIATOR CRACKS AND ACE POWERS IS SPRAYED WITH STEAM. THE SUDDEN SHOCK MAKES HIM CONSCIOUS.

GOSH, THIS IS A HOT SPOT!



IF I CAN ONLY REACH MY DUPLICATE KEYS —AH! I'VE GOT THEM!



ALTHOUGH THE PAIN OF THE STEAM IS UNBEARABLE, ACE MANAGES TO GRASP THE KEY IN HIS MOUTH AND UNLOCK THE HANDCUFFS.



FREE AT LAST, ACE RUSHES OUT OF THE HOUSE. SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC ROAR RENTS THE AIR AS THE BOILER EXPLODES, BLASTING THE HOUSE TO BITS.

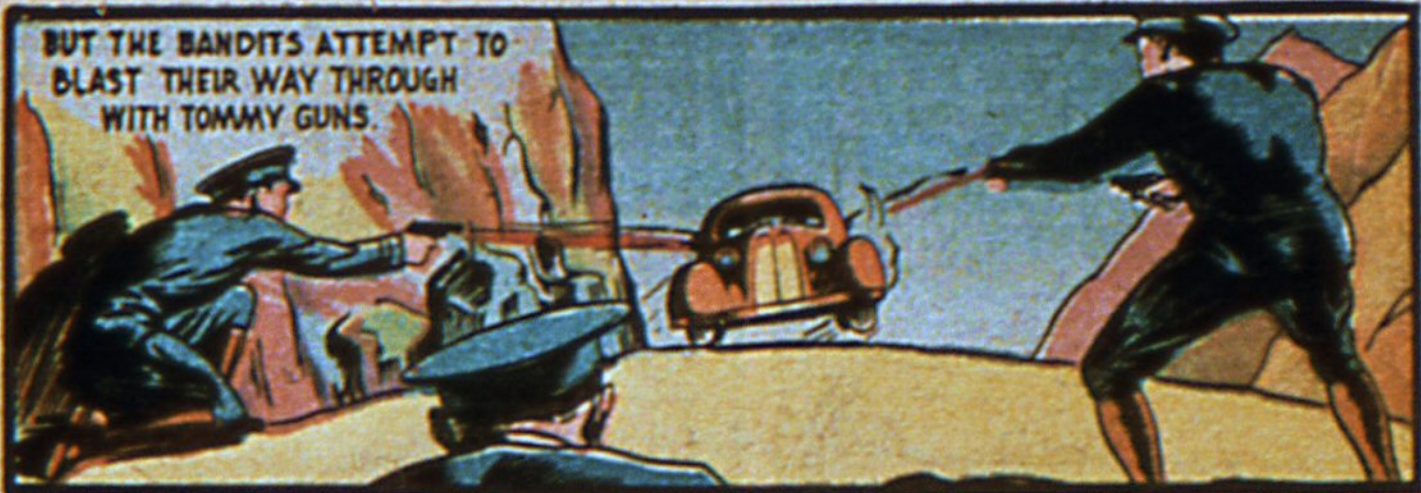






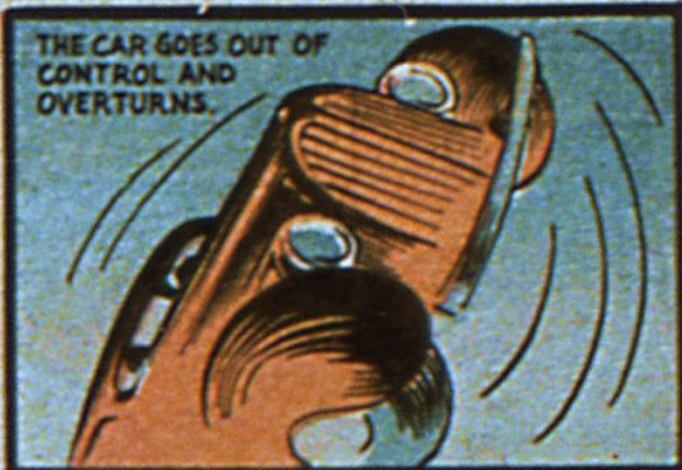


BUT THE BANDITS ATTEMPT TO  
BLAST THEIR WAY THROUGH  
WITH TOMMY GUNS.



ONE OF THE TROOPER'S BULLETS FINDS ITS  
MARK IN THE BANDIT DRIVER----

THE CAR GOES OUT OF  
CONTROL AND  
OVERTURNS.



THE DESPERATE GANGSTERS  
CROUCH BEHIND THEIR OVER-  
TURNED CAR AND ATTEMPT TO  
SHOOT IT OUT WITH THE TROOPERS









ACE SEES THE KILLER MAKING A GETAWAY  
AND LEAPS AFTER HIM



DOWN THE ROCKY SLOPE THEY ROLL AS  
BOTH MEN GRAPPLE FOR THEIR LIVES.  
HEAT ATTEMPTS TO USE HIS GUN, BUT  
ACE GRABS HIS WRIST IN A  
GRIP OF IRON.



- AND THAT ENDS YOUR  
CAREER, YOU RAT!



AFTER A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE, ACE FINISHES  
HIS MAN WITH A HAMMER-LIKE BLOW

THE BANDITS ARE  
ALL DEAD, ACE.



WE'LL SEND THEM  
TO THE MORGUE.

I'M TAKING THIS ONE  
IN MYSELF - WITH THE  
MONEY!



DRAWING THE KILLER TO THE CAR, ACE  
FINDS THE STOLEN PAYROLL.

EVENING  
GANG LEADER CAUGHT  
BY ACE POWERS!  
ENTIRE PAYROLL RECOVERED



WATCH ACE POWERS SMASH  
HIS WAY THROUGH TO AN-  
OTHER VICTORY OVER THE  
UNDERWORLD IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF

SILVER STREAK  
COMICS





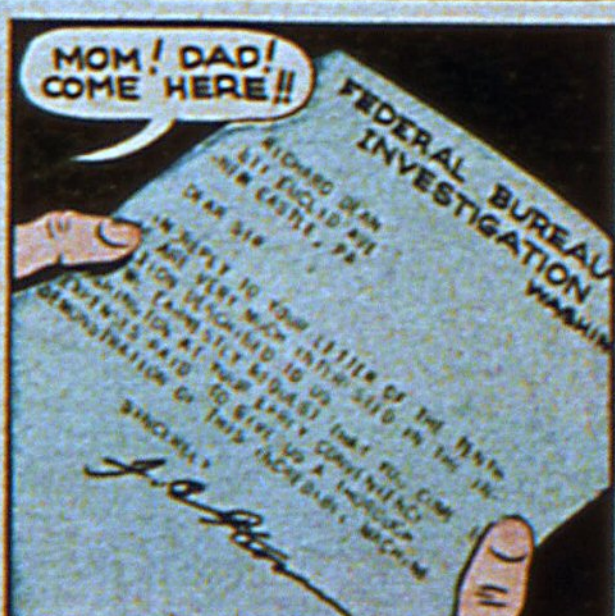
**THE BOY INVENTOR**

DICKIE DEAN IS A LAD OF EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY—A MENTAL WIZARD TO SAY THE LEAST!—DURING HIS FOURTEEN YEARS OF LIFE HE HAS ACCUMULATED AN AMAZING AMOUNT OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE WHICH HE USES TO FULL ADVANTAGE IN THE CREATION OF HIS MANY USEFUL INVENTIONS.

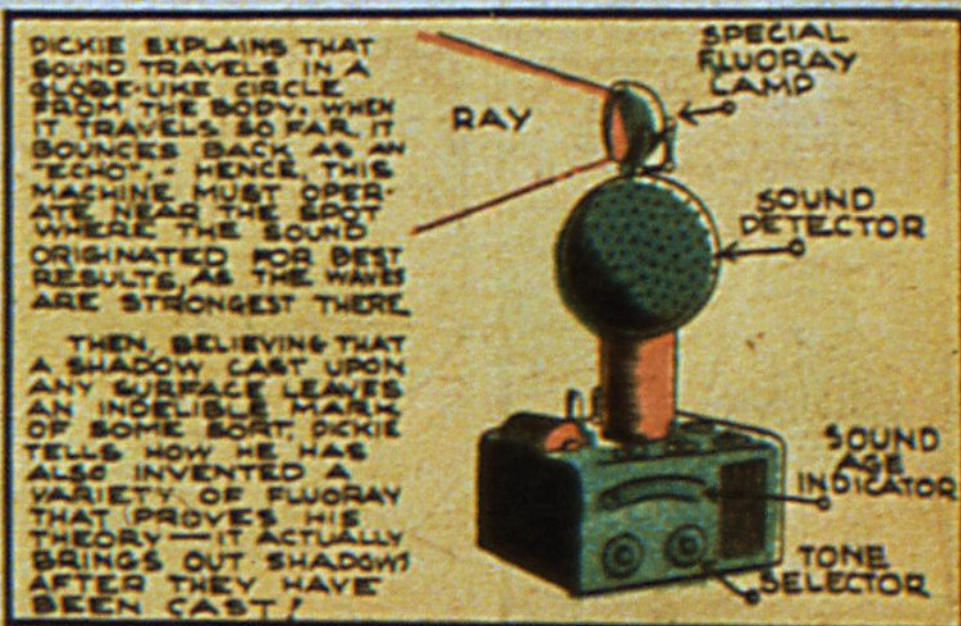
*by Jack Cole*













THE MURDERER MUST HAVE BECOME PANIC-STRICKEN AND BEGAN TO RUN! — WE MUST KEEP PACE TO REMAIN WITHIN RANGE

HOW I'VE DONE IT! — GOTTA SCRAM!

QUICK— INTO THE CAR— HE'S ABOUT TO DRIVE AWAY!

SIMPLY BY FOLLOWING THE SOUND OF THE FOOTSTEPS OR AUTOMOBILE! — HE ENTERED THIS BUILDING!

READY, MAC— THERE MAY BE TROUBLE!

TELL ME, DICKIE, HOW CAN YOU TRACE A PERSON WHO HAS BEEN WALKING IN PITCH DARK AND CASTS NO SHADOW?

THE SHADOW ENDS HERE— MUST BE HIS ROOM!

KNOCK ON THE DOOR

DON'T TOUCH THAT GUN!! — YOU'RE UNDER ARREST

I AINT DONE NUTTIN' — HONEST I AINT!



AFTER MUCH QUESTIONING  
THE CAPTIVE ADMITS HIS GUILT

BEYOND A DOUBT, YOURS IS  
THE MOST VALUABLE INVEN-  
TION EVER DEDICATED TO THE  
WAR ON CRIME!—WE'LL  
HAVE ONE FOR EVERY  
POLICE STATION IN  
THE UNITED STATES!

BEFORE I TURN THIS  
MACHINE OVER TO YOU,  
I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE  
A LITTLE MORE TIME  
ON IT.—I HAVE A FEW  
MORE IMPROVEMENTS  
TO MAKE.

CERTAINLY!—  
ALTHOUGH I DON'T  
SEE HOW IT CAN  
BE IMPROVED!

UPON HIS RETURN HOME,  
DICKIE IS GREETED BY  
HIS PARENTS AND ZIP

WELCOME  
HOME,  
SON!!

MEANWHILE THE UNDERWORLD  
GRAPEVINE TELEGRAPH IS  
BUZZING WITH RUMOR

SAY, DIDJA HEAR  
HOW THEY GOT  
SPINEY LEWIS FER  
THAT MURDER HE  
PULLED??

YEAH, SOME KIND  
OF A  
DETECTOR  
A KID UP  
AN INVENTS!

THE STORY REACHES  
MOB-LEADER, RED ZARR

WE MUST GET THAT  
INVENTION BEFORE  
THE F.B.I. HAS HAD  
TIME TO ANALYZE  
IT SUFFICIENTLY TO  
DUPLICATE IT!

SHANKS!—VEELEY!  
RUN OUT TO NEW CASTLE  
AND NAB THAT INVEN-  
TION!—GET THE KID  
TOO—HE'S THE ONLY  
ONE WHO KNOWS THE  
SECRET OF IT!

AWRIGHT!  
AWRIGHT!

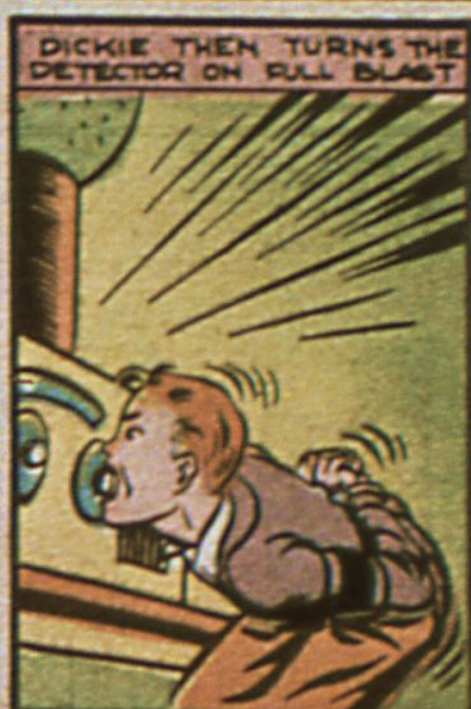
IN NEW CASTLE  
DICKIE RECEIVES  
A VISITOR —

ONE SIDE  
INFANT!

GET THE KID  
VEELEY—I'LL TAKE  
THE MECHANICAL  
STOOL-PIGEON!!

DICKIE PUTS UP A  
VALIANT BATTLE  
BUT IS OVERPOWERED













WHY YOU'RE HANDCUFFED!!  
WHAT IN—??

NO TIME  
TO TALK!!  
MUST GET  
TO POLICE!!



THE TWO SCRAMBLE  
TO SAFETY

A GANG OF  
CROOKS IS HOLD-  
ING UP THE NEEDLY  
CO. PAYROLL TRUCK!



IT'S TOO LATE TO  
STOP THEM, BUT  
WE'LL BE READY  
FOR THEM WHEN  
THEY RETURN!



WE GIVE UP!  
DON'T SHOOT!!



A HERO, DICKIE, RELATES  
HIS STORY TO THE POLICE

WHAT A TOUGH  
BREAK! - INVENT-  
ION RUINED - PLANS  
DESTROYED - ALL  
YOUR EFFORTS  
LOST!

YOU FORGET  
CAPTAIN,  
THAT I  
HAVE A  
PRETTY GOOD  
MEMORY - IN FACT  
SITTING IN THAT  
TUB GAVE ME AN  
IDEA FOR A DEVICE  
THAT WILL MAKE  
THE OTHER LOOK  
LIKE A TOY!!



DICKIE DEAN'S  
NEW INVENTION  
IS REALLY  
AMAZING!!  
IF YOU WANT  
TO SEE WHAT  
IT IS DON'T  
MISS THE  
NEXT ISSUE  
OF

**SILVER  
STREAK  
!!!**



# THE FLYING GHOST

FIVE American Grummans zoomed down to their base—somewhere in France. Captain Lee Curtis, Yank flight commander of the French squadron, removed his oil and dust-specked goggles and counted the ships as they taxied up behind him.

"Only four ships, besides mine," he said grimly. "Wonder who they got this time!"

The remaining four pilots hopped out of their planes and joined the tall, lean captain.

"Andre, Henri, Gaston and Jacques," he noted. Then he cursed loudly. "Darn their hides—they got Rene!"

The five airmen walked to their quarters. Conversation was sparse. They grouped around the improvised bar and Henri poured out a few bracers.

About an hour later, a mud and blood splattered figure crawled into the room.

"Nom du chien! the man yelled. "So you are celebrating my demise, no?"

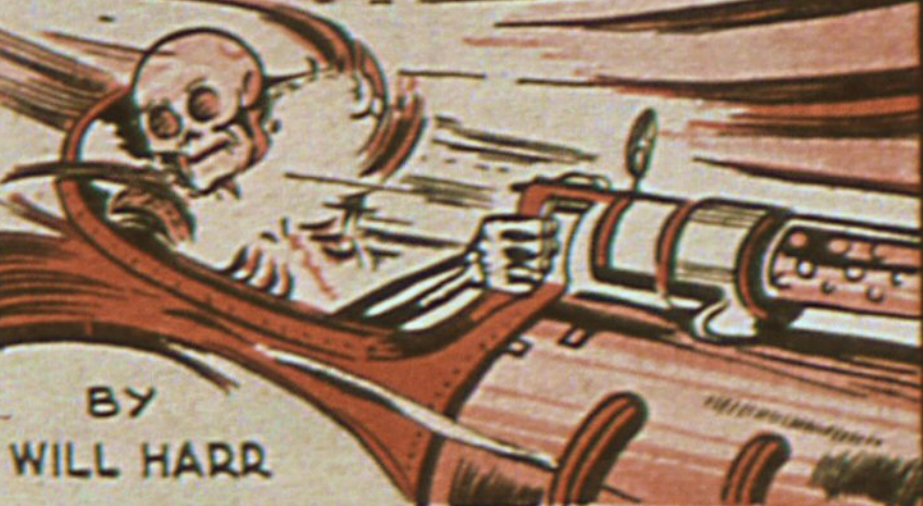
"Rene!" the fliers shouted in unison, running toward the wounded ace.

"Why, you old son of a frog, we thought you were wearing angel wings by this time," Captain Curtis laughed. "What happened? Are you badly hurt? Where did you crack up? Who—"

"Take it easy, my friend," Rene smiled weakly. "I—I—." The wounded man slumped to the floor, unconscious.

That evening, Rene was resting comfortably on his cot. Lee Curtis had dressed the bullet wounds.

"Well, old man," Lee began, "do you feel strong enough to give out with your story?"



BY  
WILL HARR

"Yes, my impatient captain," Rene answered. "I feel fine now. The most important part of my story is that I was shot down by—a pilotless plane!"

"What?" Lee cried. "A radio-controlled plane? Don't tell me the Boche are using them already!"

"No, Lee," explained the Frenchman, "this was no robot ship. It was the Flying Ghost!"

Lee slumped back in his chair. Word had come down from the North regarding the Flying Ghost, but not much credence had been given the story. Von Gruber, the Nazi ace, had been shooting up the British patrols. Suddenly, he disappeared, and a black and yellow checkered Heinkel—with no pilot—began harassing the English airmen.

"What could I do against a pilotless ship?" Rene moaned. "I had nobody to shoot at. Suddenly, the machine guns started sputtering and I was peppered. I mustered enough strength at the last minute to straighten out and land. Then I crawled here."

"The Flying Ghost," Lee mused. "I'd like to meet up with that trick ship!" The Yank was to get his wish sooner than he'd expected.

At dawn the following day, the five Grummans were lined up on the field. As fingers of orange came over the horizon and pierced the gray gloom, Captain Curtis and his patrol roared into the mist. They sped on in V-formation, heading over the German lines.

Cruising along at 250 m.p.h., the keen eyes of the Yankee ace spotted ten dots against the sunlit sky. "Looks like a Boche patrol heading this way," he radioed his French fliers. "Spread out and give 'em the works!"

Lee singled out the leader of the Nazi squadron. He climbed almost vertically for a few seconds, then dived down with machine guns belching fire. The bullets ripped through the right wing of the enemy ship.

The German zoomed up into a loop, but the sturdy Grumman was on its tail. As the Nazi leader began to straighten out, Lee raked the fuselage from cowl to tail. Suddenly, the German pilot leaped half out of the cockpit as some of the lead buried itself in his body. His ship hurtled earthward with the motor wide open. The terrific pressure ripped the weakened right wing from the super structure and the plane



spun crazily to the ground.

His head sweaty under the flying helmet, Lee straightened out and braced back to his pals. Four of the Nazi ships had been downed by the French aces. The remaining five were still full of fight.

One of the enemy ships came at Lee with guns pouring lead. When the Yank maneuvered around and charged, the Nazi turned tail and headed into a cloudbank.

Lee dove into the clouds and found himself alone in the white fleece. He found an opening and emerged into the clear. The Nazi ship had disappeared.

"I've lost him," he muttered. "Guess I'll head back and help the boys."

But as he banked, he saw a black and yellow checkered Heinkel flying about 500 feet below him.

"The Flying Ghost!" He yelled. "What luck!"

Down zoomed the American airman with machine guns clattering. The Heinkel made no attempt to avoid the deadly hail. It calmly continued on its course.

Lee came up underneath the Flying Ghost and raked the under side of the fuselage. Still the Heinkel refused to turn one way or the other.

"Gawd, that ship gives me the creeps!" Lee cried. "Something or someone is flying it, and I'm going to find out what!"

The Grumman swooped low over the Flying Ghost, but Lee saw nothing unusual except the empty cockpit. But as he passed in front of the mystery plane, its machine guns went into action.

"Ha," Lee muttered, banking his ship sharply. "I thought it was playing dead long enough!"

And right he was! The Heinkel banked with him and continued pouring lead. The pellets ripped through the Grumman's fuselage and smashed the instrument board. Only the clever maneuvering of the American ace saved him from sudden death.

"There's one thing certain," Lee told himself grimly. "Ghost or no ghost, I know one way to bring that ship down. Here goes!"



Captain Curtis went into a vertical bank and headed back toward the mystery ship, which was quiet now, trying to lure him closer. He opened the motor wide and roared straight for the black and yellow checkered Heinkel. Like an arrow shot from a giant's bow, the Grumman sped on until—wham! both planes hit head-on with a splintering crash!

Despite the terrific impact, Lee managed to leap clear and pull the ripcord, releasing his chute. Then his mind went blank!

Sometime later he regained consciousness and found himself sprawled on the ground. He shook his head to clear it, then began looking around. He saw his parachute still puffing in the wind. Unstrapping himself from it, he stretched his feet and found them to be sound.

Slowly his mind began to function and he recounted the past events. "The Flying Ghost!" was his first thought. "Must have

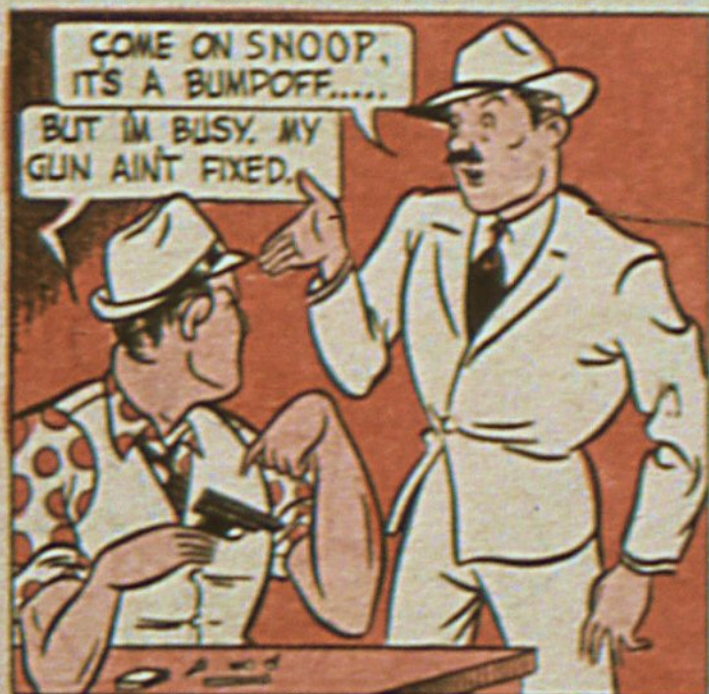
crashed nearby—if a ghost can crash!"

Sure enough, the ghost did crash. Lee found the wreckage not far from the splintered mass that was once his sturdy Grumman. All that was left of the Flying Ghost was a section of the fuselage in back of what was the cockpit.

Lee searched through the wreckage to see what made the pilotless Heinkel tick. To his amazement, he found the section of fuselage made of armored metal. He climbed to the top and opened a trap door, expecting to find some radio-controlled mechanism inside. Instead, the open door revealed the body of a human pilot. Lee dragged the body out, removed the helmet and goggles and stared at the dead face of—VON GRUBER!

"Well, Von Gruber," Lee addressed the dead Nazi ace. "You played ghost once too often. Now—you're a real one!"









YOU NITWIT. WE WENT RIGHT BY  
THE MURDER SCENE!

IS THAT SO? I DIDN'T  
NOTICE NOTHIN'.....



HE AINT DEAD, IS HE?



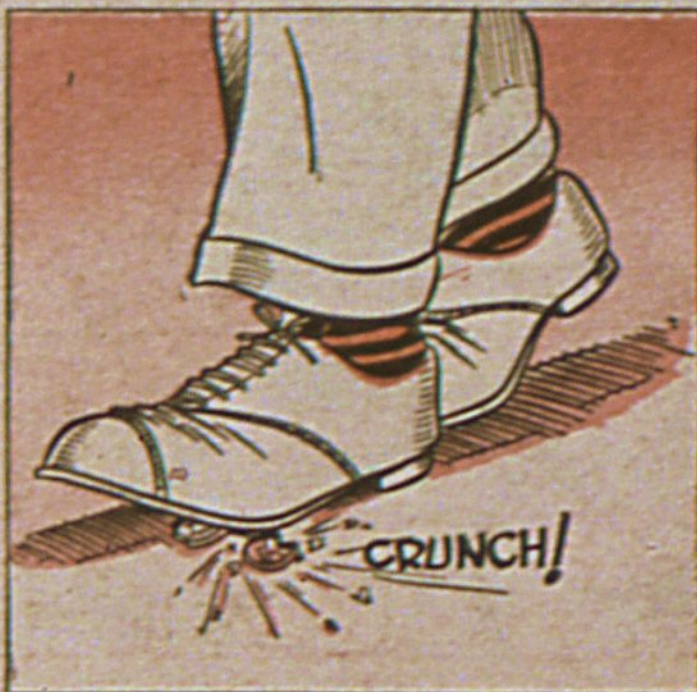
IS HE DEAD? HECK, NO. SOMEBODY  
TICKLED HIM IN THE RIBS AND HE'S  
ALL DOUBLED UP LAUGHING HIMSELF  
SICK.....



THE MURDERER DROPPED A PAIR  
OF GLASSES, LIEUTENANT....

WHERE? WHERE?

YEAH! WHERE?

















# Momentous Mites

How Tardiness of News  
Led to the War  
of 1812!



In 1812 England & France were at war. Britain had issued "Orders of Council" directing all neutral ships bound for France to stop first at England and pay duty.

Failure to comply meant confiscation.



Attempting to enforce her "Orders," England searched our ships, pressed our seamen into her navy, and violated our three-mile limit.

America was angered. President Madison protested.



But in vain. England pursued her course, stripping our vessels of men and goods until American merchants were infuriated.

We sent a final warning—

Only then did the British Government realize it might have two wars on its hands. Word was dispatched that "Orders of Council" would be revoked at once.

But the news arrived forty-eight hours too late—only two short days!



FOR America had already declared War!

NEXT ISSUE!

How Sleight of Hand  
saved  
Daniel Boone from Indians



# SERGEANT DRAKE

SERGEANT DRAKE - FAMOUS TWO-PISTED HERO OF MANY WAR EXPLOITS - BECOMES INVOLVED IN ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE.

THOUGH THE INGENUITY OF SGT. DRAKE, THE RADIO CONTROLLED PLANE OF THE ENEMY IS CONVERTED TO HIS OWN USE, AND SERVES TO DESTROY THE ONES WHO CREATED IT.



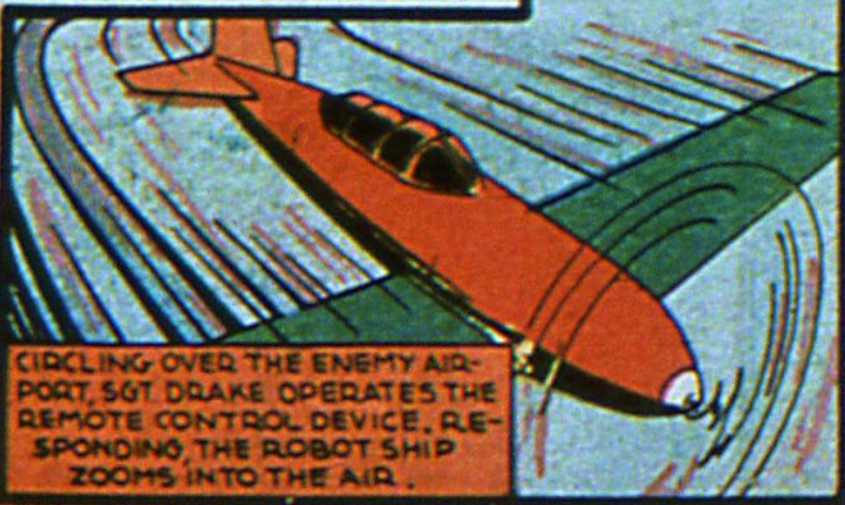
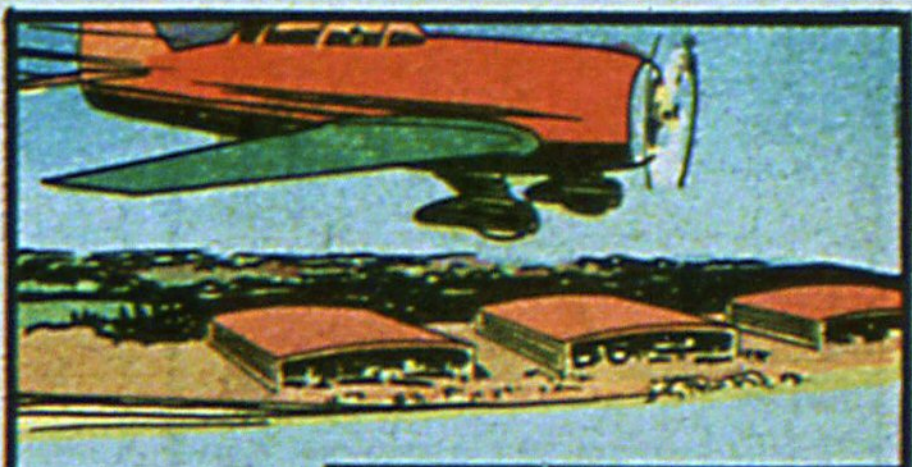
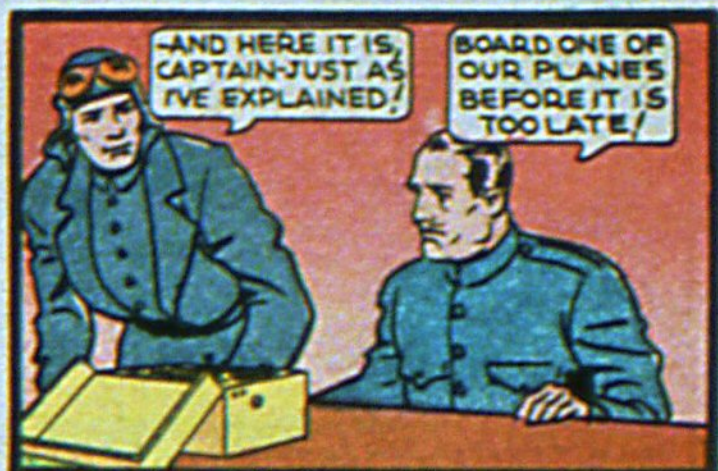




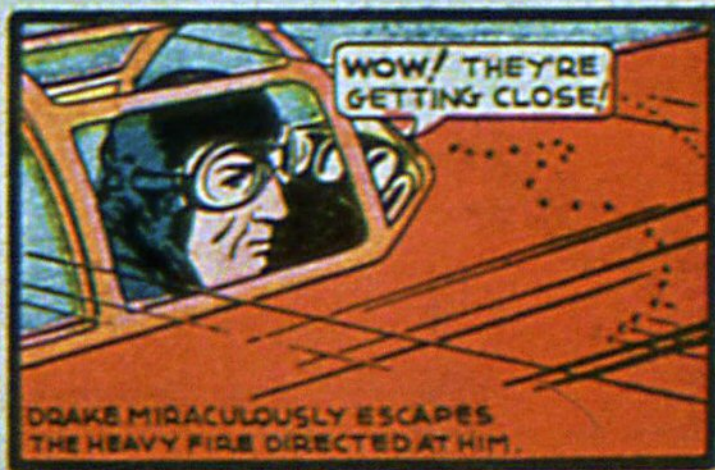
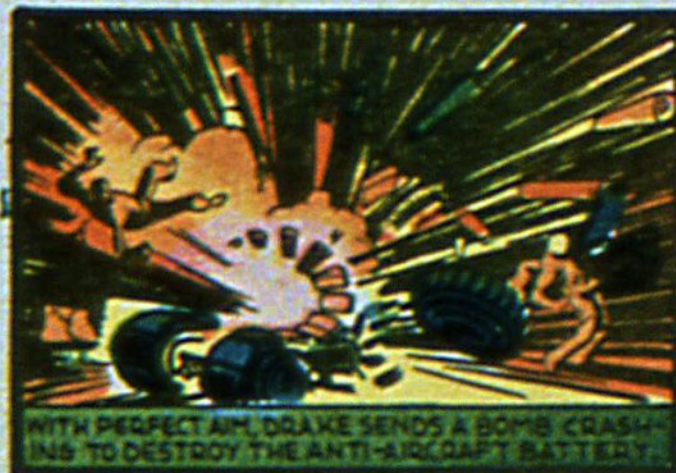
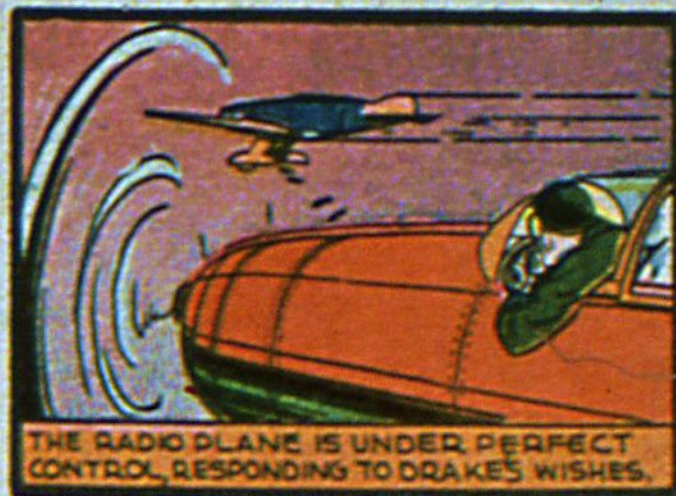




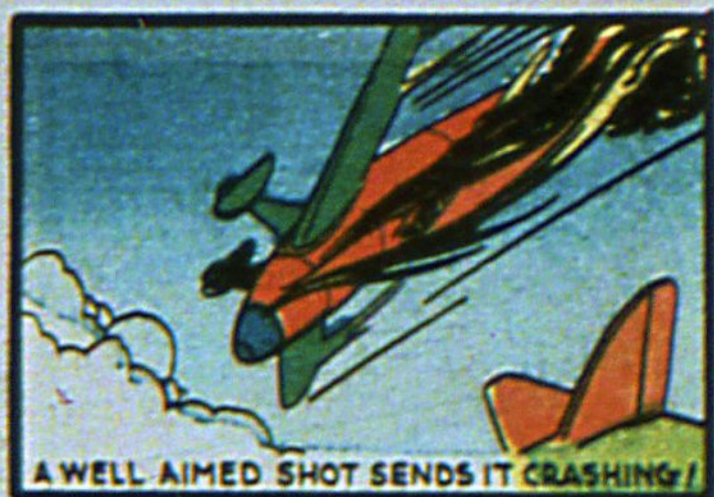














# Planet Patrol

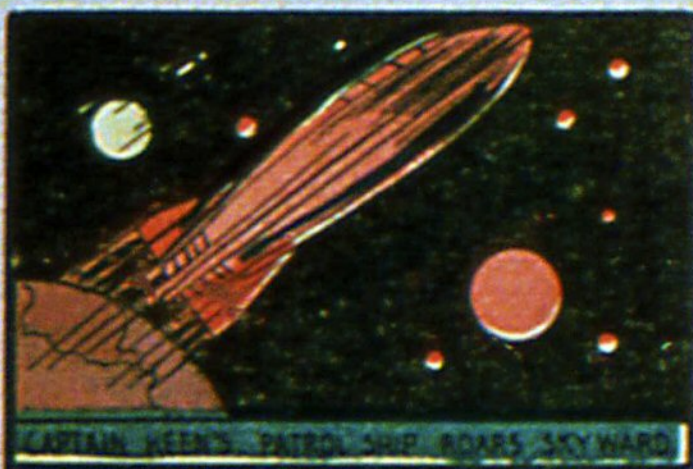


CAPTAIN KEN KEEN, OF EARTH'S PLANET PATROL, RESCUES NIRMA, A MARTIAN GIRL, FROM THE HORRIBLE TREE-MEN BAD! ON THE EARTH, HE REFUELS HIS SPACE SHIP AND IS ABOUT TO RETURN THE GIRL TO MARS.



WELL, WE'RE READY TO START NOW, NIRMA.

MY FATHER, THE PRESIDENT OF MARS, WILL REWARD YOU FOR SAVING ME, KEN.



CAPTAIN KEN'S PATROL SHIP ROARS SKYWARD.

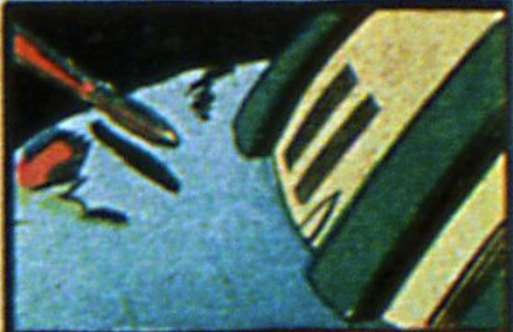


THAT'S FUNNY-THE COMPASS HAS GONE HAYWIRE!





IN THE YEAR 2000 A.D. A GI-  
GANTIC MAGNETIC TRANSMITTER  
WAS SET UP ON MERCURY, THE  
PLANET CLOSEST TO THE SUN.  
THIS TRANSMITTER SENDS  
SPECIAL MAGNETIC RAYS TO THE  
SUN, WHICH IN TURN RADIATES  
THEM TO ALL POINTS OF THE SO-  
LAR SYSTEM. THUS THE SUN BE-  
CAME "SOLAR NORTH" AND ALL SO-  
LAR COMPASSES POINT TO IT. THIS IS THE  
BASIS OF INTERPLANETARY NAVIGATION.



HIS REMARKABLE SENSE OF DIRECTION DIRECTS  
CAPT. KEEN TO MERCURY. THE SPACE SHIP LANDS  
JUST OUTSIDE THE GLASS DOME, WHICH PROTECTS THE  
MEN STATIONED THERE FROM THE TERRIFIC HEAT OF THE SUN.

HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA? I'M CAPT. KEEN OF THE PLANET PATROL!

THAT'S FINE! AAYON, THE COMMANDER OF THIS STATION, WANTS TO SEE YOU.



AS KEN AND NIRMA ENTER THE GLASS DOME, THEY ARE OVERPOWERED BY THE GUARDS.

SO YOU DELIBERATELY CUT THE POWER! WHAT'S YOUR GAME, AAYON?

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU TO SHOW UP, SINCE I CUT THE POWER ON THE MAGNETIC TRANSMITTER.



JUST THIS! EVERY PLANET MUST PAY TRIBUTE TO ME FROM NOW ON, OR I'LL BLOW UP THE ENTIRE STATION HERE. IT WOULD TAKE THEM YEARS TO BUILD A NEW ONE.



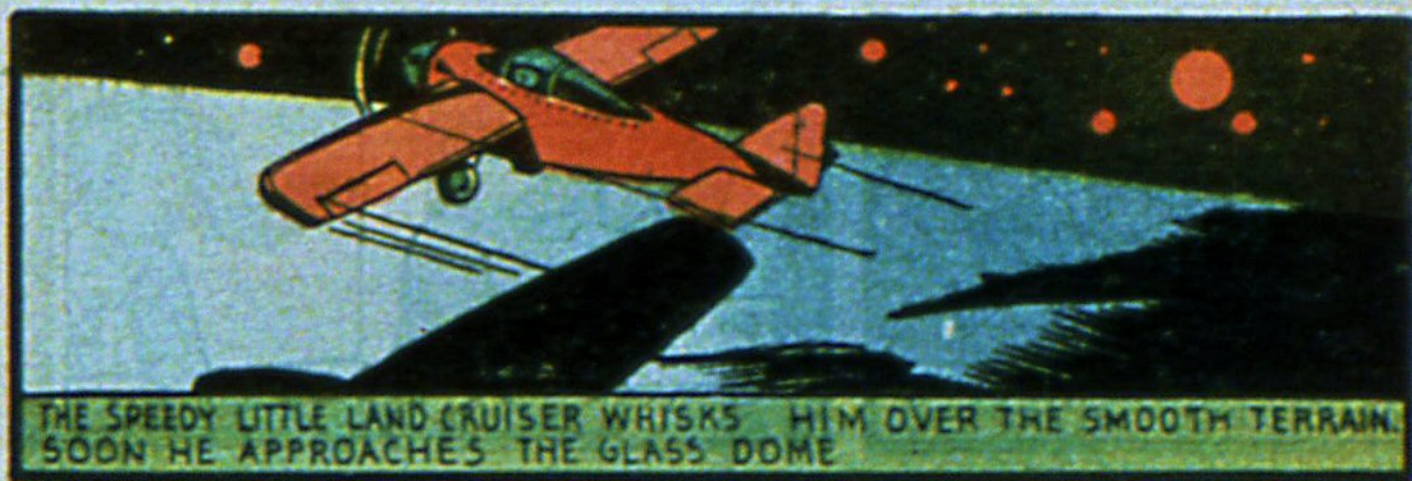
AND I SHALL KEEP THIS PRETTY GIRL HOSTAGE, WHILE YOU RETURN TO EARTH AND DELIVER MY MESSAGE.



LEAVE AT ONCE, FOOL-BEFORE I DISINTEGRATE YOU.







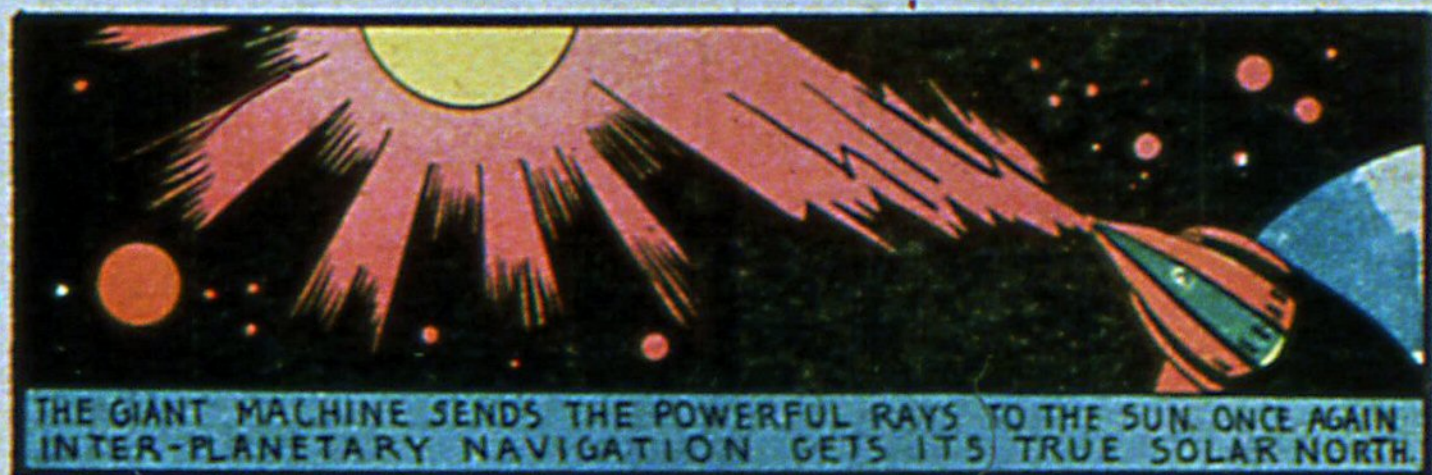
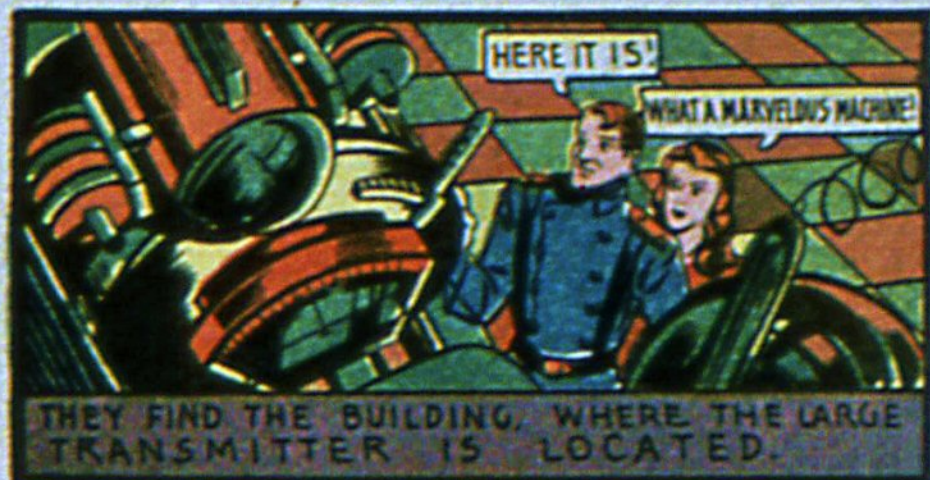
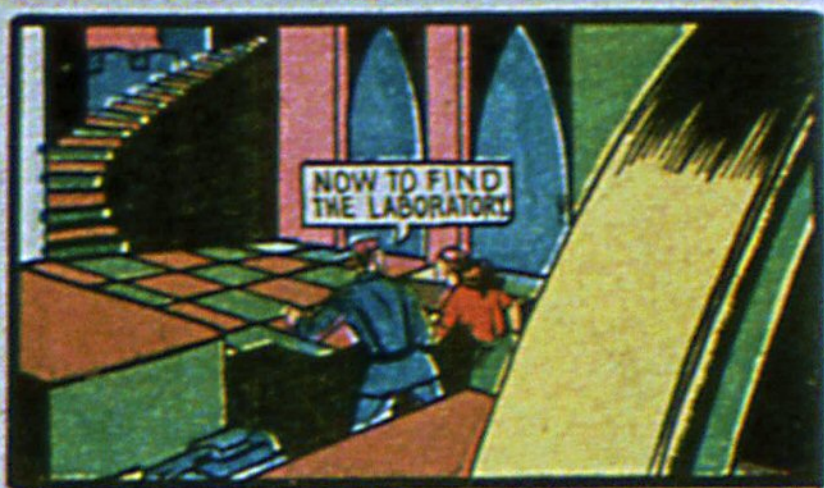














# Charlie Barnet Uses Home Recordo!



Charlie Barnet in his private hotel suite checking a duet by Judy Ellington and Larry Taylor, vocalists in his band.

You, Too,  
Can Make  
Your Own  
Records If  
You Sing  
or Play an  
Instrument



Judy Ellington heard in Charlie Barnet's band making a Home Records record for her personal album.

## MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.



Larry Taylor, vocalist in Charlie Barnet's band, listening to a play back of a recording he just made with Home Records.

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friend's voice. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and playback unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY \$.75 per dozen. (24 sides)

OPERATES ON ANY A.C. OR D.C.  
ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPHS  
RECORD PLAYERS  
RADIO-PHONO COMBINATIONS  
Old or New Type  
PHONOGRAPHS and PORTABLES

## IT'S LOTS OF FUN TOO! HAVING RECORDING PARTIES!

You'll get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDO unit, which operates on any electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with HOME RECORDO. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.



Charlie Barnet with his arranger, Eli May, often check new arrangements at Home Records.

SEND NO MONEY! HURRY COUPON!  
START RECORDING AT ONCE!

COMPLETE OUTFIT \$2.98  
INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED  
BLANK RECORDS ONLY

HOME RECORDING CO.

Studio 5T

11 WEST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

HOME RECORDING CO.  
STUDIO 5T, 11 WEST 17 ST.  
New York, N. Y.

Send entire HOME RECORDING OUTFIT (including 6 two-sided records) described above, by return mail. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus postage. On arrival (send cash or money order now for \$2.00 and save postage.)

Send . . . additional blank records at \$.75 per dozen. (24 sides)

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

City and State . . . . .

Note: Canadian and Foreign \$3.00 each with order.



